

# LEND A HAND

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WITH the end of March the season passed away, when, even in the most crowded city, any charity relief should be given to an able-bodied man, or to those dependent upon him, while he is idle. The good God renews the miracle of spring-time and summer. Somebody somewhere has something for those men to do who have been idle. And they can take care of themselves and their families much better than any charity board can take care of them.

In substance, indeed, granting evident exceptions, the great charity problems of our cities belong to the months between November 1st and April 1st.

After the 31st of March, the "Friendly Visitor" who finds that James Smith, or Bernard Schmidt, or Patrick O'Rooney, or Pierre Sanson, or Pietro Sansone, "can't get work in New York or Cincinnati," should say to him kindly, that his place is outside the city walls. Give him a pair of stout brogans, as your parting present, and let him understand that all your sympathy will end if you find him hanging round the curbstones of the town any longer.

We owe, unfortunately, to the new social system which the railways inaugurated, many of the disadvantages of our congested cities, and the pressure upon them in the winter months of our over-crowded population. There were times, within the memory of living men, when a small farmer who employed but one or two "hired men" on his place, engaged them for the year, at so much a year. The traveller in England, at a country fair in the fall, may see the same thing sometimes now. He will see at the end of the day, a number of fellows in white smocks, each with a sprig of green as a badge that he has hired out for a year, and that no one need accost him with a view to hire. In the morning he would have had no green sprig, and every one would have known that he was there to make a bargain for the year. What followed in our American life, was that in the hard months of winter, when, for all that the Farmers' Almanac teaches us, there is not so much to do on a farm as in May, or in the summer, the farmer's man, who was taking a winter rest of something the same sort which the farm was taking, lived on the farm, in the place where food, shelter, fuel and clothing were cheapest. But easy communication changed all this. The same farmer now engages his "help" by the month, from April to November. He probably pays on the average a higher price per month than he paid by the year. In November the workman is dismissed. What shall he do? What does everybody do in winter who can? He goes to the nearest city. He thinks, perhaps, that there must be something for him to do, where half a million people, maybe, are together. At any rate, there is more to see and to enjoy. Thus a law, which is very steady, throws him, and tens of thousands like him, upon the places where food, shelter, fuel

and clothing are dearest, and, as a robin spends his winter in the most sheltered thicket he can find, the man who is turned off from his farm work spends his winter in the discomforts of tenement houses, picking up what jobs he can.

The winter crowding or congestion of cities is not due simply to the gathering of farm workmen. Almost all industries are to a greater or less degree reduced in their output in the winter months. Quarrying, railroad building, building and painting of houses, and to a considerable extent, in-door manufactures, are less in number than in summer. Any manufacturer is glad to save in light and fuel, and if he can choose the time when to run short, he will choose the winter months. It is from this enforced indolence that Easter and spring-time wake a delighted world. As an old sun myth puts it, "The butcher begins to kill the ox, the ox begins to drink the water, the water begins to quench the fire, the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to beat the dog, the dog begins to bite the kid, and the kid begins to go." All the rest of the world begins to go. And until November it will go very steadily, and the Friendly Visitor must do his best that his clients may be permanently attached to the moving car.

Every institution of charity, and indeed, all charitable action, is affected by this change of conditions between winter and summer. The rough evidence is given in the contrast between the condition of an old-fashioned almshouse in winter, because it is comfortable, and there is no work to speak of, and that of the same place in summer, when perhaps every one of the inmates have "flitted," as the Scotch say. Whoever has the administration of charities in hand should bear the contrast in mind, and govern himself by it. What you ought to do in February, is, very likely, just what you should not do in May.

Generally speaking, for instance, it is a good rule to close your artificial labor bureau as soon as March ends. You do not want to compete with the regular supply and demand of labor. You have opened your wood-sawing office or your department of sewing, only because you had an oversupply of work people whom you wanted to provide for without ruining them by alms-giving. Just so soon as that supply can be absorbed elsewhere, you had better stop your machinery. As soon as your wood-sawing man finds that you have nothing for him to do, he will find some one else who has.

All "out-door relief," so-called, should be tested by a wholly new standard after the last of March. Bear in mind, indeed, as a general rule, that you ought to start on next November with white paper, not with an old list of "patients" or "poor people." You are really as much disgraced, when, at the opening of winter, the old set of last winter present themselves, as badly off as they were,—as a high-school teacher would be, coming back after his vacation, to find that all the lads he presented for college had been returned to him for another year. The use of spring and summer and autumn is to place the people whom you had in charge last winter, so that they may take care of themselves when next winter arrives.

Never be deceived by the trash which is talked and printed about a glut in the labor market or overproduction. There may be a crowded labor market in one place, but there are none too many people in Kansas or Dakota. Cotton cloth may be cheap. But there are naked people enough in the world, if the cloth could only be placed where they were and they utilized to honest industry.

There is a neat and distinct illustration of this in the work of the Charity Organization of Liverpool, which may perhaps be of use elsewhere. The identical "Friendly Visitor" who has been known through the winter as a reliable friend in the family,

who has given orders for coal, or has seen that the doctor or nurse came in illness, makes it his business when pay-day comes, to intercede for something for the savings-bank. "John, you will certainly want money next winter. Let me have two shillings now, on your bank account, and you can buy your own coal." The result of this hand to hand contest for the money which would else go for beer or gin, shows definitely what ought to be. Summer ought to provide for winter.

As we live, the steady rush into cities of boys and girls, young men and maidens, requires a steady corrective, in the shape of whatever reaction may send into the country people whom the country needs. All the "country week" excursions have a healthy side of permanent value, in the mutual interests they create, and in the possibility that a sewing-girl who is starving in New York may find the open place where she is needed, where there is enough to eat, enough to wear, a roof over her head and God's air to breathe. We have already cited here Mr. Frederic Olmsted's pregnant remark, that, important as is the ruralizing of the cities, a more important work is before us in the urbanizing of the country.

Now the truth is that the country towns often need exactly the material which the skilled "Friendly Visitor" can feed them from a "congested" district, where are more seamstresses, more dress-makers, more cap-makers and trouser-makers than can earn a fair living. Many of these people are good for nothing if they do not "run with the machine," that is, they are only of use where a boss gives out the work, and each does her part in the subdivision. But among them, working in competition with the rest, is just the "capable person," as good at one thing as another, who would be indispensable in "New Arcadia" or "South Paradise," where the only trouble, which makes the place to be not paradisaical or more careworn than Arcadia should be, is that there is no workwoman who will come round once a fortnight to sew on the children's buttons, or to mend their jackets or their frocks. It is the summer business of the "Friendly Visitor" to supply this need of the paradise or the Arcadia.

But the real benefactors of the country in this affair are the employers of laborers or workmen, who are willing to engage their hands by the twelvemonth, to arrange the pay on that basis and to persuade the hands to stay with them the year round. To abolish the wasteful habit of constant removal, to make the laborer or the workman a citizen of the place which he is at work in, to give his children, if he has them, the sense of a good home, its lessons, its comforts, its stability,—this is a real gift to society. It abates poverty, it checks pauperism, and it does more than can be well told in the building up of men.

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As these lines pass the press, we receive a letter from a distinguished and efficient leader in philanthropic work, who asks us to speak of the subject, and calls our attention to many other industries beside those which we have named, which are suspended in winter. His attention has been engaged by the condition of workmen in the salt-works in Syracuse, who have to save in a part of the year the wages which they spend in twelve months. He suggests, as we have suggested, to government acting in any form, or to any other employer, who manages affairs on a large scale, that the disposition most favorable for the public, is the employment of men in the winter months, if they are not to be engaged for the whole year.

## A TEMPERANCE BAR.

DR. BEE and Dr. Sea were riding together in a train and talking eagerly. They were talking about temperance and the best ways to cure people who have broken down in the appetite for liquor. Dr. Bee is one of those most skilful and eminent men, whose privilege and duty it has been to study the horrible diseases which result from drunkenness and sometimes transmit themselves to the third and fourth generation. Dr. Sea is an old-fashioned parish minister, who prays to God every Sunday for "all sorts and conditions of men," and on Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday and all the rest of the days goes poking about among them, trying to carry such good tidings as he has. Like every such man, he sees people of every kind, from the Governor in the State House, down to the boy crying in the Police Court; from the dainty lady with whom he talks about Wagner, down to the poor creature who has come to pay her husband's fine after his "drunk" on Monday morning. Whatever has grown in the great garden of the world, such does he have to see and to study; from the tall cedars in Lebanon to the hyssop that grows under the wall.

So it happened, as an absolute matter of course, that the two Doctors were talking about Temperance. For two such men cannot be together for half an hour, without coming round, in their talk, to the thing which most engages their life. That brings them inevitably to the cause of almost all the evils they would remove, and the diseases they would cure.

Of a sudden, Dr. Bee stopped talking and looked his friend squarely and seriously in the eye. The other was hardly surprised, did not turn from the look, and for a minute, without speaking, they looked as if they could see what was in

the bottom of each other's hearts. "My dear Doctor," said the physician, "you and I have but one duty. We should give up everything we are doing, we should set it all on one side and devote ourselves simply to the invention of a new drink."

"What this people needs," he said, "is a new drink."

"I tell you," he continued eagerly, "that men will not sit a whole evening talking politics, for instance, in a Club House, and be satisfied to sip iced water for three hours."

"They must have a drink, and it must be a drink which does not intoxicate."

The other assented cordially to the serious proposal, and they fell to telling each other their successes and their failures in that line. In fact, at that moment Dr. Sea had in his train a broken-winded German, who professed to have the art of so making *weis-bier*, that it should not intoxicate. And it was agreed that three or four of the men most fit, should be brought together to try if the German were a humbug or no. Of that meeting, no account shall here be given. This paper is to tell what Dr. Sea saw when he went to invite Mr. Eaton to the meeting, and how he came to believe that perhaps their great invention had already been made.

You will find Mr. Eaton if you will go any day in Boston to the "Temperance Spa," which is at No. 219 Washington Street. That is the real name on the picturesque sign, but I find people call it in practice the "Temperance Bar," and I do not see why they should not, for that is exactly what it is. It is nearly opposite the head of State Street, a small, elegant saloon, opening directly from the sidewalk, in the most crowded part of the most crowded street in Boston. I do not suppose I should say I am a habitué there,



but I hardly ever pass it on foot in the middle of the day, without going in. I stopped there the other day when forty-four customers were standing as close as they could stand at the different counters, and several more, like myself, were waiting for their turn. I asked Mr. Eaton if he knew how many people had ever passed through the shop in a day, and I found he did not. There are three entrances and it would be almost impossible to count. But I think it is certain that no other drinking-shop in Washington Street receives so many customers as the day goes by.

It proved, indeed, in answer to my wondering inquiries, that there are probably quite as many popular temperance drinks in common use in such a place, as there are of alcoholic drinks in an ordinary bar-room. I counted the names of nearly fifty such drinks displayed on different signs with their prices, which ranged from five cents to twenty each. This does not include such cold comforts as Apollinaris, Vichy, Congress water, Star water and the like, which are however there, for anybody who wants them. There are also other drinks with fancy names, such as "Wide Awake," "Next Morning," and the like, which have been designed by physicians indeed for the use of men who have drunk too hard of spirit the night before.

Indeed, the most interesting feature of the place, to such men as Dr. Bee and Dr. Sea, is that it really seems to provide for men who have the craving for spirit, something more attractive and more substantial, which in the long run overcomes their craving. There seem to be plenty of instances where hard-working business men, who, under high pressure, had been yielding to the insidious temptation of bracing up for work, by a glass of something at eleven, and another at one, and another at three perhaps, find that what they get here answers the present purpose better, keeps them in better working trim,

and has no reaction the next day. The "Temperance Bar" does not simply offer to the man who is in search of what people used to call an "eleven o'clock," a virtuous and innocuous glass of raspberry soda, say, in place of the whisky and water he is seeking. It gives him something which he likes better than he likes the whisky and water, which contributes, perhaps, an element of nourishment at the same time, which certainly furnishes new nerve power. Alcohol only concentrates nerve power, and borrows from the future what has to be paid for afterwards. Some of the temperance drinks also, very clearly have their element of exhilaration.

What is the secret of such a substitute? Possibly there are fine points which we must not ask Mr. Eaton or any other specialist to give away. He is himself a good working chemist. He is seeking good scientific advice wherever he can get it, has people in his laboratory who can second his wishes, and, for all of them, it is a matter of business to bring this matter to perfection as far as possible. But even a person who is as much an outsider as I am, can safely say that the free use of phosphates in these drinks has a good deal to do with their success, as what you may call nerve-nourishers.

What they call "egg phosphate," "orange phosphate," and similar drinks acknowledge this in their very names. I should say that the "egg phosphate," in one or another of its forms, was far the most popular. A raw egg is the substance of this drink, treated, not as it would be with spirit in eggnog, but with syrups, with phosphates, with carbonic acid gas, and I know not what flavors, so that you have a very tempting concoction, which you might sit and tinkle at, if you chose, as long as a man ever tipples at a schooner of lager beer. Those people who believe, as I do, and as Dr. Bee does, that half of what is called the craving for liquor is really the craving of a delicate stomach for food, will understand that the raw egg,

than which nothing is more easily digested, provides just what the stomach may be needing, in the middle of the forenoon; while the phosphates are supplying nourishment, which is better than stimulants, for hard-strained nerves. What the new "Moxie Nerve Food" is, I cannot tell, though I can guess; but it is working its way into favor as a basis of such concoctions as I am describing. There are other drinks, as has been said, expressly meant for men who have been indulging too freely in spirits and know they have.

Mr. Eaton answered very kindly all my eager questions as to how he had built up his business. But there is not much to be told but the old story that an intelligent, well-educated man, determined to succeed, giving himself to his business and not afraid to work, will carry through what he proposes. He says you should choose the best location in town and not go into any by-street or second-rate position. You must not expect people to come to you. You must establish yourself in the midst of them. He said he would not care for a large place. A large place might be a detriment. He evidently thought it an advantage to be crowded, and of course the same amount of money would go farther in decorating a small room than a large room.

He laid the greatest stress on the importance of having the most efficient clerks or waiters. And he said what was curious to me, that he would not engage a man, if he could help it, who had ever stood behind a counter. This meant, I think, that in a new business like this, he wished to train his own men. He has twenty-one "clerks," whose only business it is to attend on customers, while there are five persons down stairs whose business it is to make sandwiches, cut and butter bread, and to answer the other orders for food which the attendants send to them. The kitchen where meats are cooked and

pies and cake made for these orders is in another building. In Boston, he finds it easier and cheaper to buy his bread than to make it. He is clear that some lunch, though a simple one, must be associated with the sale of drinks. And he thinks it better that it should be so, I believe.

I certainly think that the mere habit of "perpendicular drinking" is a bad habit, and that a man had better not drink unless he is eating a lunch at the same time.

Mr. Eaton evidently thought that the success of his establishment was due to his engaging clerks of good reputation who wanted to give character to the place. He pays what are certainly high salaries, much higher than bartenders would have in liquor saloons. He would advise any one who started such a shop, to engage his assistants on a three years' contract. You do not want to have a man leave you and set up a shop next door, just as he has learned all your methods. I should not think that the young men with him wanted to leave him. The impression you take in the shop is, that all that it needs, is more room to carry its affairs on, on a larger scale.

I put to him Dr. Bee's eager demand for a new drink. I told him that a Spanish gentleman called upon me, who wanted to establish a great drinking saloon on the pattern of those in Madrid or Seville, where you may see an elegant hall of 40,000 square feet, filled with little tables where men smoke all the evening, talk politics, and drink sugar and water. I had not dared encourage the Spanish gentleman. But Mr. Eaton says that all the effervescent drinks can be "drawn still," and that a man may sip at them as long as he chooses, without their becoming flat or insipid.

It may be that Dr. Bee's wish and Dr. Sea's is already answered. But Mr. Eaton and other men like him, are looking for more successes and more.

## THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

THIS important body holds its annual session this year at St. Paul, Minnesota. The report of last year's meeting in Washington is a large volume, containing a full account of the proceedings of the Conference, which was in session from June 4th to June 10th. Over four hundred delegates were present; the meetings were excellent, and the interest well sustained. Discussion was unfettered and every variety of opinion freely expressed. Papers upon practical measures for helping the poor were read and afterwards discussed; among these subjects were the construction of jails, the treatment of homeless children, non-restraint for the insane, the establishment of postal savings-banks and others.

Reports from thirty-six States occupy a large amount of space, describing their charitable and penal institutions. Other papers follow, with accounts of the discussions to which they led.

The care of the insane furnishes the subject of several thoughtful and able papers, as does the question of provision for idiots. In his address on the education of the feeble-minded, Mr. James B. Richards gives an instance of his early experience, prefacing it with the question, What constitutes an imbecile?

"The imbecile child is one who has the fewest of wants. Perhaps his only want is to be made comfortable, that is all; but from that one simple want, we shall climb, step by step, the ladder of wants, and so ascend in part the scale of all human developments.

"One of the most trying cases that I ever saw was that of a boy about eight-and-a-half years old. He had never known his mother; she had never seen a smile upon his face. His father had tried to send a light from some shining object

into his eyes, but he never blinked but once. He had not the power of locomotion, his lower limbs were paralyzed. Not even the sense of pain or the sense of touch did he have. This boy I found dressed in a red flannel gown, lying upon the floor. He could not even roll over, he could do nothing.

"After a month's careful study of his case, I made up my mind that I must get down to him. Where did I get my lesson? I observed one day how an intelligent woman managed her child. She was up on the second floor, and her boy, on the lower floor, disobeyed her. She did not scream to him from the top of the second flight of stairs, saying, 'Jack, you must not do that.' She came down stairs, both flights, and there, on the same level with him, eye to eye, she said, 'My dear boy, do not you know that is wrong?' The boy melted and threw his arms round his mother's neck. That is where I got my lesson. Get upon the floor,—get down where the child is,—right down there. If he knows anything, it is down there.

"Day after day, for an hour at a time for three months, I took a book and read aloud to that boy, intelligently, as if he understood every word I said. He finally heard this voice that was ringing around him, and one day, when I came and simply sat in a chair and read to myself, I looked one side to see if he missed me. The child actually appeared uneasy. I lay down on the floor beside him as usual, saying, 'Oh, you want me, Sylvanus? Well, I am here.' He breathed a soft 'Ah.' I had planted the first want. This boy, step by step, went on."

The Committee on Preventive Work among Children, of which Hon. William P. Letchworth is chairman, asked

Mrs. Cornelius Du Bois to prepare a paper for the Conference. Mrs. Du Bois is the founder of the Nursery and Child's Hospital of New York City. The committee gave to her paper the title, "Thirty Years' Experience in Nursery and Child's Hospital Work," a period covering wide ground in the progress of methods of charity. She closes by saying:

"The success of the Nursery is now so well appreciated that scarcely a month passes that we do not receive applications from strangers for our rules and advice. Others see the necessity for this charity, and desire to begin nurseries in almost all the cities of the Union. Ladies in Canada have copied our work, and a Nursery and Child's Hospital is in successful operation in Calcutta. But many have become discouraged; and it is with the hope that this history may be seen by some earnest, but timid workers, that we say, with thanks to God who has given us the victory: Courage! And with patience, with perseverance, and, above all, with unwavering faith in God's help, success is sure."

Mrs. Clara T. Leonard's paper, called "Saving the Children," that of Lyman P. Alden, on the "Shady Side of the Placing-out System," and Mrs. Virginia T. Smith's account of finding homes for children in Connecticut, gave rise to a lively discussion upon the relative merits of public institutions and individual homes for deserted infants and children. Mrs. Leonard says in her paper, "No artificial system of herding young human creatures in large numbers can be safely substituted for the individual care and tending which are essential to infant life." On the other hand, Mr. Alden inquires, "When such views obtain, may it not be well to ask, whether in shunning the Charybdis of institutional life, there is not great danger of falling into Scylla?"

In the prolonged discussion which followed these papers, much that was wise and thoughtful was advanced on both sides.

Mrs. Lowell said, "Charity workers ought to consider the effect of their actions, not only upon the few persons whom they see and help, but on the hundreds and thousands whom they do not see. We may be doing good to a hundred people, and at the same time injuring ten thousand, of whom we know nothing. The thing that may be best for one person in trouble, with whom we are brought into contact, may produce indirect results which will bring much greater trouble to numbers of others. And this is true of all kinds of charity, and is a fact which should never be absent from our minds. We must study the final results of our actions. In relation to the care of dependent children, I feel sure that the best thing for the individual children and also for the community at large, is the boarding-out system, if you can get the right kind of women, as they have in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, to see that the children are properly cared for. With adequate supervision, the children themselves will be much better off in common average homes than in institutions, and the effect on the whole community is much better in every way. Parents will not give up their children to be boarded out, unless they are driven to the step by real necessity, while they have not the same objection to putting them in institutions, which, therefore, tends to multiply the number of dependent children. And children brought up in institutions are not fitted for common every-day life, do not develop the energy that makes life a success, so that, having once been dependent, they continue so. It is a curious fact, but I believe that no woman here has spoken in favor of institutions. It is the men who have defended them, and men cannot know, as women do, what is best for a child. My own disapproval of institutions dates from my experience as a manager of a very good one."

Dr. Dana judiciously said: "I think we feel mutual respect for the work we are all doing. Those who are placing

children in homes are doing it from the best of principles. We do not believe that institutions are unnecessary, or we would not come together to study the best methods of carrying them on."

Miss Louise J. Kirkwood described the methods of instruction in the Wilson Industrial School for Girls in New York City, with its nursery, kindergarten, kitchen-garden and cooking-garden system.

"Sewing," she says, "has not usually been a lesson of delight to little children, but there are ways of making it so. By following our simple plans of short hours, short seams, bright patches, easy rules, object lessons in hand-practice, cheery, helpful words, and sprightly songs, a charm has been thrown around the use of the needle, and the child so fascinated with its possibilities that she becomes a mistress of the art without tears, or frowns, or sighs. Step by step, she goes on in the a, b, c, of stitches until she reaches the pearly edge of the button-hole. With this, her triumph is complete, if she finds it squares to her song-rule of 'a twisted edge and a rim all pearly.' Having accomplished the seams of the last grade of stitches, she is able to take up a garment with courage and confidence, and find it no hard task to fashion and finish it."

William T. Harris, LL.D., contributed a paper on compulsory education. He began by saying, "The question of compulsory education as a means of prevention of crime involves prior questions relating to the nature of education, and in different branches or species. It involves likewise a consideration of the nature of crime, and of what constitutes a preventive agency for crime.

"If education in general does not act as a prevention of crime, it is useless to expect any good results from compulsory education. If some kinds of education are effective in the prevention of crime, and others not, then the first business of

practical importance is to ascertain what branches of education possess this utility, and in what features is to be found the desired virtue."

Statistics followed bearing on the question of school education, in all cases showing the average of criminals to be unable to read. "In the face of these statistics, let us consider for a moment, the characteristics of the two terms with which we are now dealing, education and crime. Crime is defined as breach of the laws of the state. The criminal attacks society. He injures his fellow-man in person or property. He prefers the gratification of some selfish passion or appetite to the good of his neighbor.

"Now, what is the training which develops in the child a respect for the social whole, a feeling that society embodies his substantial good,—a feeling of preference for the good of his fellow-man over his own whim or caprice?

"Certainly that training is the training which is given by bringing up the child in the society of others, and causing him to practice perpetually those customs which respect persons and property. A due sense of public opinion, a respect for the ideal standard of right and wrong set up in the community, is the primary requisite.

"It is clear that man can live in society and constitute a social whole, only so far as individuals are educated out of their natural animal condition and made to respect social forms more highly than mere animal impulses. Hence, it is clear that society itself rests upon education, in this broad sense of the word.

"The family, the vocation, the state, the church, are the four great cardinal institutions of education. The school is only a device brought in to reinforce these substantial institutions, but it is a very important device, notwithstanding its supplementary character. It may reinforce the family by giving to the youth the command of such conventionalities as

reading and writing and moral behavior; or it may reënforce the vocation by giving instruction in arts and trades or professions; or it may reënforce the church as a Sunday-school, giving instruction in religion; the military or the naval school may reënforce the education of the state.

"One question deals directly with the education of the school; but we must carefully bear in mind the several educational functions of these institutions, so as not to overestimate the functions of the school, or in any way confound its province with what belongs to the great social institutions."

After dwelling upon the different features of school training, he says:

"Doubtless the school alone is only a small part of education, but it is a very important part, for the reason that it deals with conventionalities, technical means, instrumentalities shall we call them? of human intercourse; in short, with the tools of human, spiritual combination.

"Now, any one or all of the educational agencies may fail absolutely to prevent crime. But social science does not find other recourse than to strive to make more efficient these agencies; improve the family nurture, improve the school, the trades and vocations, the partisan politics, the Sunday-school. All these instrumentalities are very crude, as we may easily see, in their present condition. The question that immediately concerns us in this paper is the improvement of common-school education as prevention of crime, by making it more effective in reaching all the children of the community.

"Undoubtedly compulsory education is a valuable means for this end. I do not see why the common form adopted is not sufficiently effective. Children under ten years of age shall not be employed in any species of labor that takes them from school. Between ten and fourteen years, children shall not be employed in any industry that prevents them from receiving

at least twenty weeks' schooling for each two years. So much education as this will prove very efficient in training the average youth in correct ethical habits."

He closed thus: "Increasing urban growth for the most part furnishes us our social problems. Compulsory education in the forms of the common-school, the kindergarten, the industrial art school, may furnish us with the most valuable preventive agencies against crime."

From the discussion of preventive work the conference passed to the question of employment in reformatories. Among the papers upon different Reform schools, was the address of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner upon the Elmira Reformatory, in which, in giving an account of what he saw at that institution, he expressed his views on the subject of discipline and education. He said:

"If I were to say what one thing was most necessary in this country at this moment, it would be discipline. I mean by this intellectual as well as moral discipline, a training or discipline that must obtain in all our education, and which is a little relaxed, or being relaxed, in many of our colleges and higher institutions of learning, where it is thought proper to leave to the discrimination of men not yet come to their majority the kind of training and discipline they should have for work in life, the sort of discipline which consists in making a person still in his youth do something that he does not want to do,—ordinary routine in college, the ordinary routine of prayers, of study hours, of recitation. The more I see of life, the more I believe in the value of these disciplinary means. If they have not been enjoyed at home, all the more reason why they should be enforced in the colleges and institutions where youth is educated. I speak of these, because this sort of discipline lies at the root of education. The modern notion that to be educated is to have a certain amount of knowledge, not to have a mind disciplined, lies,



very likely, at the root of our failure, when we do fail, or have failed, in the matter of prison reform. Because, if minds from the better part of society, notwithstanding the advantages of home culture and home training, need in every step of their development the discipline of routine, of obedience, of the crossing of the inclinations, then the waifs, the failures of society, those who fall into the clutches of the law, need it still more in any attempt at rehabilitation.

"I want to say further, in regard to the whole system of model prisons, this: It has been in my official duty, from time to time for ten years, to visit a great many of the prisons of the country. It has certainly been a very pleasant thing, so far as society itself is concerned, to see the emergence out of barbarism in the manner in which we have been treating prisoners congregated in penitentiaries. I have seen the evolution of the prison into that which in some cases is not unlike a very fair hotel, where the prisoners are boarded and lodged, and presented with no bill at the end. But I found this: that whatever the prison, whether it was well warmed and well ventilated, whether the food was good, whether, in short, the prisoner was petted, or whether he was under the old rigor of the barbaric prison, the result to the man when he went out was about the same, the same sort of prisoner, men not likely to go out better, but rather worse, the same heaviness of countenance, the same interests, the same physical and mental discouragement. And it seemed to me then, and seems to me now, that if we can do nothing better than that, if really we cannot touch the man's life and character, we would better, on the second or third offence, or whenever it was decided that the man belongs to the criminal class, kill him at once and be done with it. He is a danger and a constant expense, and of no earthly use to himself or to anybody, and he ought not to be allowed to propagate his species. If that

is true, if all our philosophy, all our science does not enable us to take a step farther than the temporary amelioration of his physical condition for from three to ten years, we are certainly far from having attained any very high philosophic or scientific ground.

"Before I go further, I want to say another thing about education. The notion very largely prevails that it is not a proper thing to educate a criminal; that it may only make him a greater adept in crime; that it will give him intellectual facility added to his moral obliquity; and that he will become an accomplished rascal. It is my observation that the criminal is not an intellectual being, that the criminal class and the class that will be criminal are low in physical as well as mental and moral condition. They are men usually given to vices through inheritance or by carnal and vicious tastes. They are not intellectually capable in any way. Their will is gone, their motive power is lost. They are, therefore, men who must be approached, if approached at all in any reformatory, on the intellectual side. I do not believe at all in the rose-water treatment of many prisons. I have an entire disbelief in holidays, in flowers, in tracts, in the little dabbling of sentiment that would make a prison a pleasant place for persons to visit. You must go more radically at the man himself, and come at him physically, intellectually and morally, in order to effect anything at all."

Mr. Warner's examination of the admirable system at Elmira, under the conduct of Mr. Brockway, its organizer and originator, makes him hopeful for the possibilities of prison discipline. A short account follows of the Minnesota Reform School, and afterwards papers on the subject of jails and prisons.

Dr. James W. Walk read a paper upon the "Relations of Organized Charity to Public and Private Relief." He thinks that organized charity should

wholly supplant the poor-law system, and undertake to secure proper provision for the dependent class, whether out-door or in-door, through the utilization and amplification of private charity. "I am not aware," he says, "that any charity organization society has as yet occupied this advanced ground, but I think it is the goal toward which our present movement tends."

"The great cities of the United States can do without poor-law relief. It is based upon a false principle, and its effects have been injurious. I hope the time is not far distant when it will be supplanted by organized charity; for when we shall have cut off poor-law relief, we shall have cut the tap-root of the noxious tree of pauperism."

"The Personal Element of Charity," is the title of Mr. Oscar C. McCulloch's paper, a plea for individual sympathy between giver and receiver. He says:

"The personal element in charity is the touch of soul to soul, the flow of hope to the heart exhausted of hope, of courage to the heart depleted of courage."

"The ultimate object of the organized movement is to reach the individual. While, for purposes of investigation and control of causes, it deals with classes,

yet its thought is to reach the individual man. In its thought, its responsibility is to the worthy and to the unworthy. That a man is a tramp, or a woman a chronic beggar, does not absolve us from our duty. To heal this sick one, to protect this weak one, to restore this vicious one, is the thing we have to do. Thus, its broad object is restoration, not detection of impostors, not relief; the putting on his feet again him who has fallen out by the way, who flounders in shallows and in miseries."

The subject of "Postal Savings-Banks" was discussed, a plan of lending to the National Government small sums of money at fixed but very small rates of interest. The system is miscalled, as it possesses none of the disadvantages of ordinary savings-banks. It is as good to the depositor as the government. The security is as good as any other security which the government of the United States could give. It has been successfully introduced in almost all parts of the world.

The conference closed on the tenth of June, after resolutions expressing the satisfaction of the delegates with the course of the proceedings. It adjourned to meet the following year at St. Paul.\*

### ST. PHEBE'S MISSION HOUSE.

A HANDSOME building of stone and brick on De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, has recently been completed, which bears this name upon its front.

Its location is so exceptionally fine, that as it stands surrounded on three sides by park or lawn, it is observed with interest and admiration by every passer-by. Its object and need are the outgrowth of a mission work carried on for many years by one devoted Christian lady, and the name of "Sister Eliza" will never die out

of the traditions of the county and city institutions she visited so long.

Among those who aided her from time to time in various ways, and whose sympathies were warm toward the suffering wherever found, came, at last, one whose influence, wisdom and means gave an impetus to this beneficent work, which greatly enlarged its power of usefulness. That the good "Sister might not always work on alone, and that a house and home should be established for the Mission and the

\* On the 15th—21st of this July. H. H. Hart, St. Paul, Minn., should be addressed for particulars.

missionaries," became the definite aim of Miss Harriette Low. Her sweet compassion fell first upon the workers, or "associates," as they were to be called, and she studied to provide for them a comfortable and cheerful home, in which to find rest and refreshment after their depressing and exhausting hours amid scenes of sadness. A room or two also were to be provided where the pressing needs of some destitute person might be met, so the small hired house became, during the four succeeding years, a centre where four associates were gathered, and several thousands of beneficiaries were helped in *some* way. It soon became manifest that larger accommodations would soon be required, not only for additional workers, but for the increasing supplies of various commodities, sent by the churches and by individuals for distribution among the worthy poor. Again the same thoughtful friend led the way in preparing for the larger need, and appropriated one thousand dollars as the nucleus of a building fund, to provide the Mission with a house of its own.

A few months slipped by, and then she "was not, for God took her," but not to separate her from the work which in His Name and to His Glory she had set forward. Her parents, like-minded with herself, were moved to build completely the desired house for the Mission, which would thus become a lasting memorial of her. In its internal plan it is the expression of the requirements found by the missionaries during their years of previous experience; in its exquisite finish and dainty furnishings it is what the donors chose to make it—lovely—and poetically fitting as a memorial of their gifted and beloved daughter.

There is, stretching across the wide entrance hall, an arch of carved wood bearing in bronze lettering the text, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." These words had been chosen by Miss Low at the organization of the work, as

its motto and inspiration. To her, also, the Mission owes its name, suggested by the ideas associated with it in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

On the right of the main hall are two large rooms: one a charming parlor, the other a spacious Committee or Board room, available for many sorts of gatherings. And the two can, by a double sliding-door arrangement, be thrown into one. The Conference of Friendly Visitors of one ward holds its meetings here.

On the other side of the hall are, first, in front, a library and private office. Midway on this side of the house are two small offices for the reception of applicants, and one of them communicates by a small staircase with a room just below, containing a bath and lavatory arrangements. In the upper room a meal may be served with ease, a dumb-waiter connecting with it. At the back of these is a fine, large, sunny room, designated "the work-room," and almost lined with handsome and convenient cases for the accommodation of the delicacies and the various appliances and comforts for the sick, which are in constant demand in the homes of the poor. Several times a week large baskets are prepared for the almshouse or the county hospital, containing small packages of tea and sugar for the women in the former, and small glasses of jelly or jam, with crackers, lemons and other fruits for the hospital patients, or the large table is sometimes covered with flowers sent from the country to be tied up in bunches for hospitals also. Again there is the covering and marking of books, which are to be loaned among the convalescents, or at the penitentiary, and every week several hundreds of papers and magazines are gathered up with much care for distribution in many institutions. There is a convenient room in the basement just under this one, which is the receptacle of second-hand clothing. In the basement there is also an exceedingly pleasant reading-room, and a very pretty dining-room.

The second and third stories contain delightful bedrooms. On the third floor there are four for the use of temporary beneficiaries, one being particularly adapted to children's use. Those who are received are taken because just at the time there seems to be no other suitable or available place; the aim being to bridge over some brief interval, for exceptional cases. The provisions of this house include a large room on the fourth floor, where any case of severe or possibly contagious illness breaking out in the house, might be isolated as well as shut off from

the noise of the streets or the various excitements of a busy family. It is supplied with gas and bathroom, and heating apparatus, and communicates with the fire-proof staircase which extends through the entire height of the house.

In the words of another, "St. Phebe's Mission House is a Christian home like our own, only with larger opportunities, and larger measures of love and sympathy for the weak and suffering of our dear Lord's family," a home from which the ministry and the teaching of the Gospel go forth hand in hand.

## WALKS IN BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

### *V.—Primary Schools and Visiting Days.*

WE have seen how much care is given in the Primary Schools to two of the "three R's," Reading and Writing, and how great progress is made, even in the first year, in these two important branches. In the "Course of Study" carefully prepared by the Supervisors, thirteen hours a week are laid out for the first year, to the "Language" Lessons which cover these instructions, twelve hours in the second year, and eleven and one-half hours in the upper class. There are twenty-five school hours in the week, therefore about half the school time is taken for these important lessons, consisting of oral lessons to accustom the children to express themselves, with the help of reading and observation lessons, or "whatever the ingenuity of the teacher may suggest;" reading from the blackboard, from the chart and from books, and writing as before described. A few pieces of "suitable poetry," also, are learned and recited.

In the upper class all this instruction is further developed. Short stories are read silently and reproduced orally and in writing, stories are written from pictures, and

letter-writing is begun. These specimens of composition are exceedingly interesting. They are very satisfactory in showing accuracy in the spelling of long and difficult words. In a pile of papers that I looked over the other day, I found but two mistakes in spelling in all, one in the unaccustomed word of bonnet, spelled as it is usually pronounced, and doubtless not having been seen in print by the small waif of eight years of age, who gave a genial account of the picture of a cat wearing the bonnet. The lively composition was written in fair and legible handwriting, far superior to the manuscript I am now tracing. In this room I examined the slates, on which sentences had been copied in the same fair and clear manuscript.

The remaining twelve hours of Primary Instruction are variously filled up. The third "R," Arithmetic, takes for the younger class three and one-half hours a week, in which are taught the numbers from one to ten, inclusive, by help of objects, adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing with objects, and with and

without figures. The value of coins from one cent to ten is taught, and of the pint, quart and inch. I saw a class of newcomers much interested in subtracting and adding the blocks they held in their hands, standing round a small table, giving one or more blocks to one and another, and smiling from ear to ear at the pleasant results that they worked out themselves, quite unconscious that they were starting on the difficult course of mathematics. The hours for Arithmetic are increased to four, and four and one-half a week, for the higher classes. The numbers are increased from one to a thousand, and the instruction is continued with regard to coins, and further instruction given in regard to measures. In this class I saw some very quick calculations made on the slate, in adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing. The teacher was careful that these should all be done at once and quickly by the whole class, so that there should be no chance for copying, and it was very pleasing to see the interest of all of the fifty-six, and the lively and wonderful quickness of a large number of them.

An hour and a half is given each week to Drawing. It will be seen that this does not give a large amount of time out of the twenty-five school hours, not more than is of practical use, for this beginning of "industrial" education. The results, of course, are not striking, but as great as should be expected from children of nine years of age at the oldest. Certain facts are learned by them that will stay, with regard to form, and a practice in the use of the fingers that can gradually be developed.

To Music, an hour a week is given.

One and one-half hours a week are given to Physical Exercises, which vary according to the ingenuity of the teacher, and are brought in whenever she wants to wake up her class, if it appears torpid, or after some severe exercise of arithmetic, or other study. In these exercises there is a very delightful variety, each teacher inventing her own. In the Appleton

Street Primary School, I saw the girls starting out from their desks, imitating a flight of birds, followed by the boys in line; then like a troop of ponies, following each other in their course, then like a train of cars, the physical exercises not only interrupting their sedentary occupation, but being so entertaining as to rouse and animate the most weary of the little scholars, if, indeed, any of them were weary. One gets an impression that the primary-school hours are happily varied. The teacher is constantly advised to put her less severe exercises in the afternoon, when the children are naturally a little more tired of the same seat, and the same order of occupation.

When the closing hour comes, the rows of girls in turn "file" out into the dressing-room and bring their "things" back through another door to their seats, followed by the files of boys. Quietly they put on their things, and at a signal from their teacher, and often after a pleasant "Good-night, teacher," they file out into the hall and wait for their turn to pass down the stairs quietly out of the building. I saw yesterday about nine hundred children pass out of such a school with as little noise as a good-sized family of boys and girls makes in running up and down stairs at home, and, perhaps, with less confusion. This method of "filing out" has proved an admirable discipline in case of fire or sudden alarms.

The last few weeks have given excellent occasions for interested citizens and families to visit the schools, and see how the children are taught, as there has been a series of "visiting days" in all the schools. These are not the formal exhibitions which take place later, but especial invitations are given to visit the classes at work, where the daily processes can be seen. At the same time occasion is taken to exhibit the especial work of the school.

In the latter part of April, there was a very interesting exhibition of this sort at the Winthrop School, where, as I have

described, the sewing is taught in every class in the school. The upper hall was filled with tables displaying specimens of sewing of every variety. In the course of the afternoon a procession of the girls came up to stand by the tables, by the side of the work they had accomplished, and one was surprised to see how small were the little work-women beside the large work they could display. In the lower rooms, the classes were taking their sewing lessons, showing the practical work of every week. In the Prince School was a most satisfactory exhibition of sewing with other exercises.

In the Wells School, in May, was an exhibition of the sewing, and also of the cooking of the girls, while one could walk into the next room to hear the interesting exercise of reading in the First Class, where the girls were rendering an account of the book, (one of the Supplementary set of books,) that they were reading. It was in this school that the first advance was made in the use of Supplementary Reading, (of something more interesting than the regular course of the Primer,) under the charge of Mr. R. C. Metcalf, Headmaster at that time, now one of the School Supervisors.

At the Hancock School, where sewing is taught in all the classes, an exhibition was made of Sewing and of Cooking. The exhibitions of sewing on these occasions, by no means show all the work done, as a great proportion has been carried home by the girls for practical use. There was, however, a large display of over four hundred articles. There was also an interesting exercise, giving the result of some of the cooking lessons. A number of girls showed the true method of laying a table for dinner with a number of courses, half a dozen girls at the table, and two others waiting upon the table, answering questions and explaining what they were doing. Afterwards, a class of girls went through an examination on the right method of cutting up beef, explaining the

different parts to be used for cooking, showing a skill and knowledge from which some of the older housekeepers in the audience were glad to take a lesson.

The exhibition of bread, puddings, cake, etc., was very satisfactory. The unfortunate fire, some time ago, at the North Bennet Street building, where the Industrial classes have been carried on, destroying the room where the cooking classes were held, put a stop to the course of lessons in cooking. But the exhibition of cooking done by the girls was, perhaps, even a more satisfactory test of what they had learned, since it was done at their homes, and without the assistance of all the appliances they found at the school, and where each girl had to make the acquaintance and struggle with the peculiarities of her own cooking-stove.

I should be glad to chronicle many others of these visits, but I hope that many of the readers of this paper availed themselves of invitations on these occasions, to learn themselves the work in our schools. I was pleased to find in the Grammar Schools that the careful foundation of reading, writing and spelling was showing good results from the teaching in the Primary Schools. I saw some excellent compositions in the Quincy School, well expressed and in admirable handwriting. It was pleasant, too, to see the interest of the boys in a class in this school, in their American history lessons. At the request of the teacher, the boys gave some account of what they remembered, and I was pleased to find that they had gained some of their information from books they had looked up and read in the Public Library, inspired to this by their interest in their school work. If our public schools can give our boys and girls an interest in reading, and in looking up for themselves subjects in history and in other valuable subjects at the Public Library, we can feel that our public institutions are working together to bring the advantages of education into every home.



## A PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE.

THE following extract from a letter from Mr. Swift, missionary among the Dakota Indians, comes to us from a prominent member of the Dakota League of Massachusetts. We quote it as giving, in the missionary's own words, an account already familiar to those of our readers who have seen Miss Goodale's statement of her visit to the Indians of the St. Stephen's mission.—*Ed.*

SCRANTON, DAKOTA.

DEAR FRIEND:—\* \* \* I have some seven hundred souls in my immediate charge, gathered in from a mass of most ignorant and brutalized heathenism, and these are scattered over a stretch of country a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. To reach all in one trip, I must ride over two hundred and twenty miles of country, with an Indian house my most luxurious stopping place. The people have grown, however, from heathenism to Christianity; from sloth to industry; from wretched pauperism to comparative thrift and self-reliance.

The amount of help they are getting from the Government is less and less each year, and I see, as do they, that they must soon earn their living or starve. A few years ago, when wood was comparatively plenty, some earned a precarious but destructive support by cutting down and selling the timber. While buffalo and deer brought plenty, the wolf was kept from the door, but now timber is scarce and game exhausted,—happily I deem it,—and they must look elsewhere for food. After fairly viewing the situation, and knowing that a support was not to be derived from herding, nor hunting, nor wood-chopping, nor gardening,—vegetable, I mean, for in a country of farmers vegetables find no market,—I have settled upon what is their only hope, and I trust to see these people obtaining their support from this in the next five years. The history of the genesis of a loaf of bread on this Agency would be curious. I talked the matter over thoroughly last summer, and the Agent agreed to help me if I would get any to undertake to raise wheat.

Our working Indians live from fifty to seventy-five miles from the Agency, good land being hard to find much nearer, and I can only see the Agent at rare intervals, for often he is not here when I come down on my regular visits, and he rarely gets around to see his people. We have only had one visit of inspection in five years.

When I returned home, I began industriously to preach wheat, and was met by the reply everywhere, "We shall not get our seed in time." Alas! past experience told me their fears were well warranted, for rarely has the Agent got seed to the people before the middle of May, or the first of June. But I promised bravely, and got quite a number to promise, but fall passed into winter, and winter into spring, and I got no word, though I persecuted the Agent with let-

ters. At last, in March, I found the Agent at home and secured a promise from him that the wheat would be landed at my place by the middle of April, and when it came, a hundred bushels, I found some difficulty in getting any one to put it in. They said it was too late, and white farmers told them the same.

At last, in despair, though I did not want to sow wheat myself, I put in a couple of acres to start them. My example was contagious, and the balance was soon down. There being no barrows, mine had to go the round, and came back to me after travelling through half a score of hands, pretty well broken to pieces, so I offered my wheelbarrow as my first sacrifice.

Glad to have the seed in the ground, I reported the fact at the Agency, and was met by some chilling questions. "How," said the clerk, "are you going to get your wheat cut? We have no reapers." "Oh," said I, "we will cradle it if we can do no better, though not one of us understands it." "And how will you bind it?" "Will have to learn," said I. "And how will you thresh it? We can't let the Agency threshers go over these rough roads." "Will thresh it somehow." "And if you do, what are you going to do with your wheat? There is no mill at the Agency and I do not want the Government to buy it. There is too much pen and ink work required." "Oh, we will sell it to the frontier stores, or carry it seventy miles to the nearest mill," I said. "These people have got to learn some time and somehow, and we can't hold off forever."

The Agent's manner was more cheering. He said, "We'll make this thing a success. You shall have a reaper in high time, and the threshing machine will be on the ground to thresh it."

But the wheat came up and headed and whitened, and despite all promises, not even a cradle nor a rake was provided. So I set to work and learned to cut and bind mine and that of one Indian, with a mowing machine, and I shocked it in good shape, though I hadn't the faintest idea what binding and shocking meant when I began. I hired on my own responsibility men to cut for the rest, and at an expense of thirty-one dollars, got it all harvested. The Indian men and women learned to bind with pleasure. On another trip to the Agency, trying to get the use of their threshing machine, I was met by the phantom of red-tape again. "It cannot be hauled such a distance," say they. So I said, "Send it upon a steamboat." "But how can the freight be paid? We must get special permission from Washington; rates agreed upon between the department and the boat; triplicate vouchers, and receipts made out, etc., etc."

I inquired what the freight would be and found it would be about nine dollars. So I told them to send it on and if the department couldn't pay I would, which means that I must.

From all this you can judge of the time and effort required, and of the obstacles which we meet, who are striving to lift the Indian to the condition of a self-supporting, civilized being; and of the help we need from those who are interested in the work.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY SWIFT.

## EDUCATION IN ALASKA.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D., U. S. GENERAL AGENT OF EDUCATION FOR ALASKA.

### *Hand, Mind and Heart.*

ON the second day of March, 1885, the Honorable the Secretary of the Interior assigned the duty of making provision for the education of the children in Alaska to the Bureau of Education, and I was selected as the Agent to do the work.

It was a work of great magnitude, on a new and untried field, and with unknown difficulties. It was one so unlike any other, that the experience of the past in other departments could not be the sole guide. It was a problem peculiar to itself and must be worked out by and for itself. It covered an area of one-sixth of the United States. The schools to be established would be from 4,000 to 6,000 miles from headquarters at Washington, and from 100 to 1,000 miles from one another, and that in an inaccessible country, only one small corner of which has any public means of intercommunication. The teachers of five schools in South-eastern Alaska will be able to receive a monthly mail; the larger number of the others can only receive a chance mail two or three times a year, and still others only one annually.

We were to establish English schools among a people, the larger portion of whom do not speak or understand the English language. The difficulties of this will be better appreciated, if you conceive of an attempt being made to instruct the children of New York or Georgia in Arithmetic, Geography and other common school branches through the medium of Chinese teachers and text-books. Of the 36,000 people in Alaska, not over 2,000 speak the English tongue, and they are mainly in three settlements.

The work was to instruct a people, the

greater portion of whom are uncivilized; who need to be taught as to sanitary regulations, the laws of health, improved dwellings, better methods of housekeeping, cooking and dressing, more remunerative forms of labor, honesty, chastity, the sacredness of the marriage relation, and everything that elevates man. So that, side by side with the usual school drill in Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, there is need of instruction for the girls in house-keeping, cooking and gardening, in cutting, sewing and mending; and for the boys in carpentering and other forms of wood-working, boot and shoe-making, and the various trades of civilization.

It was to furnish educational advantages to a people, who as a class are too ignorant to appreciate them, and who require some form of pressure to oblige them to keep their children in school regularly.

It was a system of schools among a people, who, while in the main only partially civilized, yet have a future before them as American citizens.

It was the establishment of schools in a region, where not only the school-house, but also the teacher's residence must be erected, and where a portion of the materials must be transported from 1,500 to 4,500 miles, necessitating a corresponding increase in the school expenditure.

It was the finding of properly-qualified teachers, who, for a moderate salary, would be willing to exile themselves from all society, and some of them settle down in regions of arctic winters, where they can hear from the outside world only once a year.

Then, too, as the purpose of the schools

is to develop an intelligent and useful citizenship, it becomes necessary not only to include the instruction of ordinary schools in Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, but also to give industrial instruction.

As the people make progress, catch the spirit of civilization and come under the influences which emanate from the schools, they gradually begin to give up their old methods of living and adopt the American. This is especially the case among the *native and semi-civilized* population. One by one they saw out an opening in the windowless walls of their houses and insert sash and glass. One after another purchases a cook-stove. No longer content to eat off the floor out of a common iron pot, tables, dishes, knives and forks are procured. Then comes a bedstead and the bedding is taken off the floor. Warm, comfortable store clothes take the place of the inconvenient, uncomfortable blanket. Thus, slowly and gradually through the influence of the schools, the population is raised in the scale of civilization. But all this creates a necessity for a larger income and more remunerative employments.

The income that was sufficient when the family ate off the ground without dishes, cooked over a fire without a chimney and slept on the floor under the skins of wild beasts, is not sufficient to purchase cook-stove, dishes, tables, chairs, bedsteads, etc., etc.

Therefore, to create the want without enabling them to supply it, is only to make them more miserable.

As instruction necessarily creates new wants and is so intended by the Government, it is but proper that instruction should go farther, and so train the hand that the newly-created wants can be supplied. Or in other words, the work of the Alaska school system is not only to teach Reading, Writing and Arithmetic, but also how to live better, how to make more money in order to live better, and how

to utilize the resources of the country in order to make more money.

The special resources of Alaska in addition to her fur-bearing animals are her vast supply of minerals and fish, and, in the south-eastern section, great forests. There will also in the south-eastern section be more and more production of garden vegetables and the smaller fruits.

Therefore her schools should eventually teach the best methods of extracting stumps, grading and ditching land and preparing it for cultivation; the vegetables best adapted to the country and the best method of cultivating them; the berries and fruits best adapted to the climate and how they should be treated; tree planting and grafting; the development of native fruits, also cattle, hog and poultry-raising, and butter and cheese-making in regions along the warm southern coast.

The rising young men of Alaska should be taught the cutting and rafting of logs, the running of saw-mills, carpentering, coopering, furniture making and all kinds of wood-working. To this they will take readily and naturally, for they and their fathers before them have been noted for their skill in certain mechanical arts, the manufacture of canoes, and carving wood, stone and metal with their rude native tools.

As fish is another of the commercial commodities of the country and one which will furnish its inhabitants with an ample and reliable means of support, the boys should be instructed in the names, habits and commercial value of the various kinds of fish found in their waters, improved methods of taking and preparing them for market, the making and mending of nets, the management and repair of boats, rope splicing and sail making, swimming and naval drill, with some instructions in the tides and in the use of the compass. They should also be taught how to treat accidents, such as gunshot wounds and drowning.

The girls should be familiarized with the use of kitchen utensils and exercised

in the best methods of cooking meats, fish and vegetables; the preparation of corned, smoked and pickled meats and fish; the drying and preserving of berries and care of winter vegetables; making yeast and baking bread, the care of milk with butter and cheese-making, the proper care of store-room and pantry, the setting, waiting upon and clearing of tables, orderly arrangement of furniture and simple adorning of walls, cleaning and care of lamps, cutting and making of clothes, changing, mending and patching of garments, knitting and darning of socks, practice on the sewing-machine, washing and ironing, making of lye, soft-soap, starch, etc.

#### MORAL TRAINING.

And this training should extend to the heart as well as mind and hand.

In sections of Alaska the uncivilized natives are accustomed to herd in large houses, with several families occupying the same room and cooking around a common fire. Among some of these families polygamy prevails, and sometimes, not often, a woman is found with two or more husbands. The children grow up amid filth and uncleanness, accustomed to impure sights and conversation, and systematically taught to lie and steal. To them there is no wrong or disgrace in it; the only disgrace lies in being caught, as that seems to be a reflection on their skill; they should have been smarter, more sly. Nephews inherit their uncle's property and his wives as well, so that many a boy is married to a toothless old aunt.

In these same homes are taught, and sometimes even yet practiced, the horrible cruelties of witchcraft.

Now in some of the schools nearly all the children come from such abodes; and the teacher that would be true to his mission and accomplish most, must give prominence to moral as well as intellectual instruction.

He must try to educate them out of and away from the training of their home life. They need to be taught that both the law of God and the law of the land forbid more than one man and one woman living together as husband and wife; that each family should have a separate home, however small; that lying, stealing, and impurity of speech and behavior, are alike offences against God and man, and that these vices are not only destructive to society, but a disgrace to themselves.

The education demanded in Alaska is the moral, intellectual and physical training of the people at one and the same time—the gradual uplifting of the whole man.

All this may not be attainable at once, or even ultimately, in every one of the schools. But a commencement can be made in all of them, and then the brightest and most promising children can be graded up into the larger training-schools, where they can be taught trades and prepared to earn a competent support.

One such higher school is in existence at Sitka, and it is proposed to establish a second at Unalaska, 1,200 miles further west.

WE are to put an end, where we can, to the contagion of the old disease. These are our marching orders. We are to open the eyes of those it blinded and the ears of those it deafened. We are to set its lame to walking and its mourners to

rejoicing. In our intelligent philanthropy, we are to proclaim glad tidings to those whom the worldliness of the world and the corruptions of the Church would have left forever poor.

## A NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR PLANTING LIBRARIES.

BY WILLIAM G. POOR.

[THIS article, advocating the formation of a Society for the Planting of Public Libraries in as many towns and villages of this country as it can reach, comes to us from the West. We are glad to print it, as being an idea which, if carried out, would bear good fruit.—Eds.]

Idleness is the popular and commodious highway to certain destruction. Even with Satan in the garden of Eden, Adam and Eve had been safe had they continued about their proper occupation of dressing and keeping the garden. And, doubtless, it was no small part in the Father's plan of redemption to save them henceforth from their adversary by making one of them a toiler, and by giving to the other the anguish and the cares of motherhood.

This age is learning the deeper application of employment. The *mind* must have something to do. Even ignorance is less to be dreaded than idleness, for without the latter to nurse it, it ceases to be ignorance. It is the laziness in man, not his want of education, which tempts him to try argument by means of dynamite. But, to be sure, could his mind be trained in kindness to work out for itself the idea of manhood, the good sense thus insured will be the strongest internal agent against laziness. Therefore we reach the unspoken axiom of the age—true education is the building up of the race.

The writer would like to have every one who is to become a citizen, and every one who is to be a citizen's blessing, obtain a college education. But, at present, that cannot be, nor can many enjoy the privileges of the High School even. Yet none the less does nature abhor a vacuum, and the mind, which cannot even skim the surface of pure knowledge, will sink into

and absorb the deadly ingredients of the foul current which seems especially attractive to minds unoccupied. An imagination unbridled, an ambition untaught, a love of approval unexalted, self-esteem unchastened, self-love unrefined, and a troop of desires and emotions heedless and insolent, are nature's protest against that forced inaction of mind which both starves the intellect and withers its abilities while it develops the abnormal and monstrous. The hunger natural to every healthy mind should be fed, that there may be growth. Government is doing its best in the schools, still it will always fail to secure results that are complete. Towns rarely clinch the difficulty by starting public libraries, yet the average town will never think of this course.

The mixture of population in our villages is as dangerous in proportion as that of our greatest cities; yet the village lacks that counteracting influence of some effort which shall encourage thought and activity of mind, and so most certainly correct error by nature's own processes.

Therefore while Christianity and philanthropy are at work on various great missions, can they not unite upon a new one—to give wholesome and refreshing brain food to those who need it? It is for this reason that we suggest the formation of such a society as a Library Extension Association.

Such a Society, if formed, would have its headquarters in the East, of course; and would have such a constitution that a part of its aim would be to encourage in its beneficiaries self-help.

The observant traveller cannot have failed to be impressed with the gradual, wholesome effect upon society of a libra-

ry, generally started, and for a long time supported, by some private citizen, who remains its mainstay. I say "traveller," for the towns are few throughout the nation that have been blessed by such a citizen or aided by such an influence.

Could there be an organized effort to plant judiciously such a library in many another worthy town, patriotism and humanity will recognize at once a great ally.

[We subjoin a draft of a proposed constitution which will serve to fix in more concrete form the ideas just put forward.]

This Association shall be known as the Library Extension Association of the United States of America.

Section 1. Any person may become an annual member by paying to the Secretary one dollar, and by paying ten dollars to the Secretary such person shall be a life member.

Section 2. The Officers of this Association shall be one President, one Secretary, one Treasurer, one Vice President from each of the States and Territories of the United States.

Section 3. The object of this Association is to organize Public Library Associations and establish Public Libraries in all the States and Territories of the United States.

I KNOW, and you know, communities where the management of public amusements is not left to the accidental drift of wandering showmen,—but where the best and most highly cultivated people in the town take the personal oversight and preparation of them. I could name a town where every adult, man and woman, except the very aged, was a member of the well-organized club or society which provided for all that town the fine music, the bright plays, the lectures, and other entertainments for its winter. Now it is in the power of the Christian men and wom-

Section 4. This Association may act as Trustee for all trust funds that may be placed in its care, for the establishing and creating Public Libraries.

Section 5. No member or officer of this Association, except the Secretary, shall be paid for any services he may render, except for money actually expended.

Section 6. Each Vice President may organize in the State he represents a branch Association to coöperate with this Association, by making application to the Secretary of this Association.

Section 7. When this Association has one thousand dollars on hand, it may propose to any city, town, or village to establish a free Library, if said city, town, or village will contribute a like amount to purchase books and will agree to maintain the said Library ten years as a free Library. In case the city, town, or village fails to maintain the Library free, as agreed, then said city, town, or village shall refund the said one thousand dollars to this Association.

Section 8. This Association shall not contract any debts of any nature.

Section 9. The President shall appoint a committee of five from the Vice Presidents, to draft By-laws for the use of this Association.

en of any village in New England to achieve a victory like that, when they so determine.

If the Holy Spirit be in your congregation, there will be found holy work enough for your church parlors, and each day will be made there a holiday. In the joys and duties of education, of hospitality, of charity, and of worship, a body of men and women, consecrated to these duties and these joys, will not doubt long as to the detail.

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## MY FRIEND THE BOSS.

### *A Story.*

BY E. E. HALE.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

NONE of us in the carriage, as we drove home, knew how much the others knew. There was, therefore, a certain chill over the conversation. I noticed before we left the gallery, that Mary Bell's face was no longer pale. It was blazing with color. Had this Mr. Rossiter said anything to her to excite her? He led her to the carriage, and left us there.

"Shall we not look for Mr. Fisher?" said I, before the carriage started.

"No," said Miss Bell, promptly, "he will be better pleased if we take care of ourselves, and leave him to come when he is ready." So we entered the carriage, and gave the order for home.

After a painful pause, I ventured to say, "A scene indeed. The woman was right. Did you guess what was coming?"

"Only half," said Mary Bell, "and that half I did not dare tell you."

"Did he know it was coming?" said Mrs. Grattan.

"Yes," said I, "I gave him the warning myself." And then I told her what I knew.

"Brave creature!" said Cordelia Grattan. "Shall we ever understand him? Certainly we shall never understand his wife. Pawning jewels for money! When if she had asked him for a million, he would have given it to her."

Mary Bell said nothing.

When we came to the door, John Fisher was standing there. He had arrived before us.

"So you saw our little melodrama," he said, coolly, as he handed the ladies from the carriage. "Virtue triumphant, and vice defeated. Come up to supper; Mrs. Edwards will be raging."

"Is the man iron?" said Cordelia Grattan to me. And so we passed into the breakfast-room, as for some reason, not known to me, the room was called in which we generally met, just before bed-time, for such refection as Mrs. Edwards thought best fitted for that fifth meal of the day.

Were you happily following the pages of Dumas or of Dickens, reader of mine, you would know what the entertainment on this occasion was. But, as you have learned to your sorrow, this author is more reserved than they.

Fisher served us himself, and affected to be even gay. But he was not, and we all knew him so well that we knew that he was not. Still, he would not "go back" on what he had said at the house door. So soon as he saw us well engaged in the conflict with hunger and thirst he took up the same theme.

"You had all tried to forewarn me, but Cassandra herself could not have told us, I think. What I am to say to my wife, I am sure I do not know. If she brings us into scrapes, her allies certainly bring us out again."

I said that Jan Hooft, if that were his name, would certainly take any prize for oratory, even over the head of the famous Mr. Clipsham.

Once more Miss Bell's face flushed crimson, as I had seen it in the gallery at the hall, and as I never saw it before. I was opposite to her so that I could not but see this, and for a moment I thought she would rise and leave the table. But she staid and pretended to sip her chocolate. "She is iron, too," I said to myself. Fisher felt, I think, that he had said all that needed to be said, and so led the talk into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of the episode by which Col. Wintress was ousted from his place on the school committee, and that "old fool" was put in again.

"I told them," said he, "to have Wintress named from the floor. But they said I was no manager, and undertook to arrange things their own way."

Cordelia Grattan told him that Mr. Rossiter had made the same suggestion.

## CHAPTER XX.

MRS. FISHER did not appear at breakfast the next morning. Nor did she appear before we left the house. And I observed that the children, who were generally quite willing enough to discuss the scraps of local news, and who were wildly interested in the canvass, which was indeed, by this time, the centre of every one's thought, I observed, I say, that the children made no allusion to the scenes of the night before. This was the more striking, because Bedford had been on the floor with some of his comrades, and had seen with his eyes and heard with his ears.

It was again one of those days when there was no question what we should do. It was what was called "Harvest Day," a sort of anticipation of Thanksgiving, which had been intercalated for the purpose of inventing an autumn holiday for the school-children.

"This year," said Mary Bell, "it is all nonsense. For they had their parade and holiday the day when we laid the corner-stone. But the 'custom was introduced,' as the newspapers say, some five years ago, by an enterprising high-school teacher. Your purists would say that we cannot introduce a custom. But we know better, and have done it. And these very children in this house think there has been a harvest day, and that school-rooms have been decorated with wheat and barley and rice and sugar-cane, ever since Adam delved and Eve span.

"Where shall we take Mr. Mellen, Cordelia? Of course we must go to the High School, for Edgar speaks. But for the other schools, shall it be kindergarten, introductory, primary, secondary-primary, preparatory, grammar, grammar-technical, technico-classical, classical, or secondary? Shall we go to the Logan School, the Harrison, the Meriwether, the Tennyson, the Johnson, the Stubbs, or the La Salle?"

It was agreed that we should spend an hour at one of the kindergartens, not so much, so far as I could see, for anything which we were to learn about education, but because Agnes Fitch, the teacher, was "so pretty, and so nice." Then we were to do two hours at the Meriwether School, because the children were all Norwe-

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gians, and Dutch, and Germans, and Bohemians, and of every other name and nationality under heaven, except that of the country to which they all owed allegiance. Then, promptly at twelve, the carriage was to be at the side-door of the Meriwether, and we were to take two hours at the High School that we might hear Edgar speak in the French dialogue, in which Miss Bell had been coaching him.

Like many other men, who have themselves spent a good deal of time in teaching the young, and so in "getting up" exhibitions, I had not felt much enthusiasm about all this, and certainly I came down to breakfast with no intention of going to primary, middle, or secondary. I had my morning work to do, and it never occurred to me that my presence was necessary at either of these solemnities.

But I observed on the instant, that I was not to exercise any choice on this occasion. So far as I remembered, for every other party of the endless series in which the household was involved, I had always been asked, in form, whether I wished to go or no. But here my wish was taken for granted. Or rather it was taken for granted that I should go whether I wished it or not. This was so evident from the first, that I did not even struggle. I was prevented, fortunately, from committing myself. And I did not intimate, by wink or by shrug, that five hours spent on crowded school settees, at school exhibitions, were not for me, the very happiest hours of my life.

What surprised me even more, was to find, when we met at the front door at quarter of nine, that John Fisher, dressed as for a gala day, was of the company.

"Mr. Mellen, I must put you in trim," said Cordelia Grattan. "Really, you know, you are very nice, but you do not look as if anybody took an interest in you. I must give you one of my carnations."

And she pinned one upon my coat. I was forced to confess that I had not known that we were expected at the exhibition.

"They are all red-letter days here," said she, in an undertone, looking at Fisher, who was giving his hand, at the carriage, to Miss Bell. "Whatever else is neglected in this house, any honor that can be paid to the schools is rendered."

And he took up her remark, as we all entered the carriage and started. "Yes," he said, "any man who really wants to keep in the ebb and flow of life, will be wise if he keeps the run of the schools. You learned people make a great fuss about what you call your charities. If you could really get at the English of the thing, it would appear that in the public-school teachers, by and large, through the country, you have a staff of intermediaries between the comfortable classes and those in need, such as none of your charity machinery will manufacture in many years. My Miss Mather and that nice Mrs. Philbrick are at the Logan, and Sarah Plaisted—and your friend, Mrs. Grattan, the girl that squints, this Miss Fitch—these are all teachers, Mellen, and they are all sisters of charity. They know where the shoe pinches, and they know how to help and where. Why, Sarah Plaisted showed me a drawer full of jaunty neckties, which she keeps ready, so that no Mike, or Bernard, or Jack, or Tom of the crew, may be mortified because he does not look as well as the best. And that favorite subject of your novelists, the widow supported by her children's exertions, when she exists, which is not often, always knows the "teacher" and the "teacher" always knows her.

"Oh, dear!" he said, laughing, "I wish I could jerk out the word 'Teacher,' as the little pirates do. Half of them cannot remember the teacher's name. And when they struggle to be mannerly to me, they invariably call me, 'Ma-am,' instead of 'Sir.'"

"But I am not going to the exhibition," he added, "because these good people are good almoners. I am going because the schools are the centre of the whole concern. They exist, by the goodness of God, and are a great deal better than one could imagine they would be. Your gilt-edged people are beginning to sniff at them, and the bigots would be very glad to tear them to pieces, and shirks and do-nothings are always trying to ruin their own children by stealing their education. They take them from school and send them where they can earn wages. All decent people, Mellen, who want the commonwealth to endure, should do what you and I are doing, and when a chance comes, show an interest in the affair."

I had to confess to him, as I had to Mrs. Grattan, that I had come because the rest came. "All right," said he, "so you count one on the platform."

One always picks up something new at a public school, and, once in the whirl of the exhibitions, I was entertained. But the interesting thing of all was to see how many friends,—one would say intimate friends,—John Fisher had among the children. He would nod to them, and they grin at him. He occasionally slipped a lozenge, by much stealth, into the hand of a little tot; once or twice he crossed the room to speak to a boy or girl, and, in general, he showed much more interest in the children as children than in the examinations, which showed how many facts, of more or less import, had been drilled into them. As we went from room to room, there would be an evident buzz of satisfaction wherever he appeared. As we went from the kindergarten to the older Grammar school, I congratulated him upon this. I told him it was the most satisfactory reward a man could have for such a loyal interest as he had expressed.

"It keeps me young," said he. "That is the best reward. But, in truth," he added, with serious pleasure, "Mrs. Grattan, there, calculated the other day that there are twenty-two thousand young people in this world who have a right to stop me in the streets, because in these fifteen years past I have held some personal relation toward them in these schools. I have signed their diplomas, or, perhaps, presented them when some one else signed them, or I have given the bouquets, or they have had their dance on our green, or something has correlated us, as your pundits would say. Yes; that is a pleasure to a man like me, who believes that man is a gregarious animal."

A scene in the Merriwether Grammar-school illustrated this "correlation," and really brought the tears to his eyes.

So soon as we arrived, we were received with ceremony and state, as if we had been admitted to a private show of the Royal Academy in London. Handsome boys of fifteen, with the orange and white, which proved to be the colors of the school, blazing at their button-holes in orange blossoms and marigolds, escorted us up the stairs. Two head marshals, with ornamented batons, bearing the same colors, gave them directions where Mr. Fisher should sit, and where the ladies, and where poor I, who was the inferior among all. John Fisher, I need not say, was among the highest dignitaries. His seat was actually next the master's throne. The girls who were in the highest class were prettily dressed in uniform, which showed how the homes were subordinated to the school. Every girl wore orange and white in some form. But it was, alas, too late in the season for the white frocks which belong to school girls, and in which they look their prettiest.

The great hall, to which we arrived by painful climbing, one of the kind which Dr. Holmes calls a "High-story-call" hall, was crowded to the last corner. Dignitaries were on the platform, of both sexes. Below, the favored seats were filled by ladies, among whom Miss Bell and Mrs. Grattan had "reserved seats," which

were the grandest of all. Seats further back, or on the sides, were filled with men, among whom was I, and it was clear enough that all sorts of people were making a holiday of the occasion. I was sure that there was many a man who would not have left his work for any less occasion than to hear Margaret sing or John speak at the exhibition. As for dress, there was nothing in color or fabric to distinguish these people from the dons on the platform.

And so we went on through the programme. It is always new, and it is always old. For me, I always cry my eyes out on such an occasion, there is something in the fresh voice of girls or of boys which compels the tears, even if the singing of the words shows, beyond a doubt, that the sentences have been committed to memory. And when they sing together, there is a tenderness which wholly upsets me.

We were nearly done, when we came to one of the last of what the newspapers call "numbers" or "events." It was a trio sung by three girls, perhaps fourteen years old, at the piano. One of them, a pretty blonde, of features distinctly Dutch or German, sang with that sort of passion which has seemed to me most often to sweep singers away as if, at least, they were less under the sway of the machinery of music than other artists are under the technicalities of their art. Anyhow, this child lost memory of the place and the audience, and sang her part in this hymn as if none but the good God heard her. And in the triumphant close, as the three sang together, her voice rose above the rest, as if it must rise. The whole assembly was hushed to absolute silence, and when the song was finished, whole seconds passed by, with the dead, still hush upon us all before there swooped down upon the stillness the thunders of applause.

Quite without a hint, and I am sure, without any forethought, the girl who was the head of the school, who had a wreath in her hand, prepared for I know not what, crossed to the piano and put it on the pretty singer's head.

The child blushed, faltered, half smiled, half cried, grew pale, and then very prettily ran forward, down the steps, to her father who was in the first row of men on one side. He rose and kissed her, patted her forehead prettily and took the garland in his hand. As he rose, I recognized him at once, and so did half the assembly.

It was Jan Hooft, the Dutch worker in wire, whose speech had come in so effectively the night before.

He bent down and kissed her again, and then fearlessly led her across the front of the stage, up the steps to the school-master's throne, and, before John Fisher knew it, the girl had placed the laurel on his head!

Of course, in an instant, he seized it and had it in his hand. But the whole company knew the story of the night before, and every one was clapping with all his might, if he were not waving his handkerchief. Every one who knew Jan Hooft told his name, and the thing gave every one a chance to express pent-up enthusiasm for him and for his friend.

So it was, that I think I was almost the only person who saw a bit of by-play, in this queer, mediaeval scene. I turned, of course I turned, to see what Miss Mary Bell was doing or was thinking. Again her face was flushed with the intense blaze with which it had flushed the night before. She seemed all quivering with emotion. And, as I wondered, the girl, the singer, who had roused all this emotion, turned from her father, passed to Miss Bell's seat, and flung herself into her arms as she might have into her mother's. This scene, however, was unnoticed by the assembly. As I say, they were clapping and waving, while Fisher and Hooft stood shaking hands and talking eagerly. Only I, who always watched Miss Bell, if I could watch

her, knew what was passing with her, and wondered what this fascinating woman had to do with this remarkable child. Hooft and Fisher, indeed, could not have heard a word which either said. It was all dumb show. And in a minute, a chair had been found for the wire-drawer by John Fisher's side, and he was compelled to sit in it, that so the performance might go on. Meanwhile, Mary Bell soothed and petted this remarkable girl; kissed her again and again, and finally persuaded her to take her seat again, her own cheeks blazing with crimson all the time.

No school was allowed to hold its audience more than two hours. For it was understood that the members of the committee and other officials must attend at several exhibitions in succession. We left with the others, found the carriage, and drove to the High School, where one of our own boys was to speak.

But, if I expected to have a word privately with Mary Bell, as we left the school-house and went to the carriage, I was disappointed.

## CHAPTER XXI.

[ANOTHER INTERPOLATED CHAPTER. MR. MELLEN'S MEMOIRS ARE FULL, BUT THERE ARE SOME POINTS WHICH HE, FOR SOME REASON, DID NOT CARE TO ENTRUST TO WRITING.]

As they drove from the High School after the last speeches had been spoken and the last diplomas given, it proved that John Fisher had an errand in the town, in carrying out which he needed Mrs. Grattan's judgment. After a little discussion, it was arranged, therefore, to Mr. Mellen's great joy,—though he had, of course, no voice in these plans,—that, at the corner of Fremont Avenue and La Salle Street, these two should leave the carriage and take a street-car for their shopping, while Miss Bell and Mr. Mellen rode home together, and were to announce that the other two would be at home within ten or fifteen minutes.

Lucky Mr. Mellen,—to ride home with her and no one else, with ten good minutes to say what he would, and no possibility that she should escape him, even if she wished it.

Alas, he did not use his time for the very best. At least he thought so afterwards.

He did not mean to lose a moment's time. He began with the adventure at school. "That girl is another Jenny Lind, if one may trust the Jenny Lind pictures. She came to you as if you were her sister. How have you known her, and what is the mystery of all this? I have half the secret of the necklace; can you not tell me the whole?"

"Secret! Why do you call that a secret, which was proclaimed before two thousand people?"

"Because I think it was not proclaimed. I do not believe, and I do not think you believe, that the two thousand people went away much better informed than they came." And then Mr. Mellen added with some hesitation, because he was in doubt how far he had better go:

"And I supposed; yes, I suppose now, that if you chose you could tell,—well, that at least, you could tell if you wished more of the interior of Jan Hooft's house than you did. I thought so, even when we were talking at breakfast, and since the girl kissed you so eagerly and passionately. Why, I think so more than ever."



Mary Bell smiled, but not with her engaging or fascinating smile. She smiled rather as if she forced herself to smile, and then she said, with a little flush:

"You thought I could tell, if I chose, Mr. Mellen. And what do you think I shall tell, if I do not choose?"

Mellen saw in a moment that he had gone too far. He had, in fact, put himself in the false position of a man who has to begin a critical conversation with an apology. But he made the apology like a man.

"I beg your pardon. Indeed, I beg your pardon. But you spoil us, Miss Bell. You have been, as I tell you every day, my guide, philosopher, and friend in the intricacies of this life, where I might stumble every day. You must not take it hardly if I try your good nature too far."

"Not my good nature," said she, not trying now to laugh or to pretend to any longer. "No, you may be sure that I will try to be good-natured. But my prudence, my discretion; if you please, my wisdom—yes. Do not try them too far, if you please, for I am not sure of them myself in this matter, and I dare not say to myself at what moment they may give way."

Mellen would have said, had he dared, that she was the "wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best," and the prudentest of women, as well as the most charming and to him the dearest.

But he did not dare. He did say, with some hesitation:

"I would have said, Miss Bell, had I any right to say so, and if I have not, you must forgive me, that if any woman can trust her own judgment you can, if any woman is apt to be prudent, you are. Surely, very few people would venture to advise you."

She was as pale now as he had seen her once before. And she did not look at him, but at the vacant cushion beside him, as she slowly answered:

"Yes, I have my secret, and, to be quite frank with you, I shall act on the rule you taught us, the first day you were here: 'If you want your secret kept, keep it.' Whether I were wise to have such a secret, that is a different thing. But I am so glad you liked Minna Hooft. How could you help it, indeed? You must ask Cordelia about her. Cordelia has watched her voice with great care, and has a right to be proud of it."

Mr. D'Israeli tells a story of Venetia in her childhood, that she said to her nurse, "I do not want to talk about butterflies, I want to talk about in-doors." Had Mellen dared, he would have said, "I do not want to talk about Minna Hooft, I want to talk about you, and tell you what a charming and noble woman you are, and how I wish I might say more."

But a man cannot always say what he wants to.

"She does you infinite credit," he said, not impatiently. "And if, for two or three years she has such guides, what may not be hoped for her? But tell me, Miss Bell, what is the secret! How is it that your hand is in every hand, that you counsel statesmen by John Fisher's intervention; that you lift Jan Van Hooft out of his miseries, close the dying lips of that poor creature I left you with last week, and, all the same, are the life of our house; my 'guide and philosopher'; nay, even poor Mrs. Fisher's protector. You ought to tell your pupil how all this is done."

There was not the least frivolous shadow over what he said. He said it, indeed, very eagerly. He meant what he said, though he wanted it to lead farther. And she could not—nay, she would not laugh it off as compliment.

"Oh, Mr. Mellen, you are asking for my autobiography. How I was educated

and what come of it. If we shall ever take an India voyage together, there will be time for me to tell you. Seriously, if one means to do the duty next her hand, I fancy that one finds no difficulty as to variety of life."

"I was not asking about variety of life. So far as I see, life has only too much variety. What I want to know is, how to keep well the whip-hand on life as you do. You are never surprised. Pardon me, you never lose your temper. You never say a smart, sharp thing, even when you think it." He was going on to say, "You come into a room, and all is sunshine. You talk to a fool, and he becomes a man of sense." Nay, he would probably have said, "You are the most charming and lovable woman in the world, and you do not know it."

But she had no intention of letting his eulogy run into an unmanageable stage, and she interrupted him. Once more the conversation was skillfully landed in another hemisphere.

"Oh, you ask too many questions. And I am the last person to answer them. You must go to some of your great talkers for that. Is not that the good of your Grand Mémoires, in ten volumes, which you men find time to read, but I never. I look on those sets of books, '*Mémoires pour Servir*,' and I wonder. But you; you are a scholar. I shall have an advantage when you come to the higher education again. Was it not you who quoted Madame de Genlis so skillfully to Miss Porter?"

Mellen held his ground, though he saw, perhaps, that she did not mean that he should.

"You know very well," he said, bravely, "that this is no matter of books. You know that I might go through some post-graduate courses, and that no professor could teach me what you can. You know, also,—I am sure you do me that justice,—that I am the last man in the world to talk compliment to you. You know I respect you too far,—I wish I might say I admire you too far. I am grateful, now, for this chance of saying this, while we are alone." And if Mary Bell had let him go on, Mr. Mellen would have improved the minute he had left to go much further and say much more.

It will not do to say that his mind was absorbed in that one purpose. Minds are capable of carrying on many lines of "cerebration" at once. And, while he was saying all this, almost passionately, he was thinking, with equal passion. "Why does this infamous Thomas, on the box, drive these horses so much faster than they ever went before?"

Miss Bell was very pale. She was very attentive. She did not lose her self-possession. At the moment when he said "Alone,"—when he had to pause,—though for the least instant, for a mere differential of a second,—she replied to him as if he had waited for her answer, and with no air of interrupting him.

"Indeed, Mr. Mellen, I do you full justice. Indeed, I am sure you have seen that we are friends, true friends. You said so within the minute, even when, in joke, you called me a philosopher, which we both know that I am not. Mrs. Grattan and I have been saying only to-day, that we were glad you determined to stay into next week, because—well—because we were glad." There was a faint blush, as if she had trifled, and indeed she had. But he was to have no chance to take up his broken thread. "She is grateful—I am grateful, that there is one man who comes to this house who has not an axe to grind, who has no college to endow, no water-fall to develop, no city to found, no invention to explain. More grateful are we that this strange visitor pays us the first of compliments, by treating us as if we were women of sense. Why, we had a man here, who told Mrs. Grattan that orthography meant

good spelling, and another told me that Mr. D'Israeli was the leader of the Tory party."

Not one chance did she give to Mr. Mellen, as she talked on. And probably she would have gone on with her illustrations, but at this moment, this Jehu Tom swept round the curve of the avenue, and drew up at the front door of the house.

Whether he would or no, Mr. Mellen had to step from the carriage and offer her his hand.

She mounted the steps rapidly before him. But he followed as rapidly. And as she led the way across the ample hall, he said, with true courage, in a voice which could not but be heard:

"Pray do not go up-stairs. Step for a moment into the parlor."

She was too brave not to obey, and she turned. He led the way this time, into an elegant satin-bedecked room of state, into which, in that house of comfort, nobody ever went, unless there was a great evening party. She followed him, as he asked her to do. She took the chair he offered her, quite behind the door. He was dead in earnest, it was easy to see that. He even closed the door as he passed it.

"You do not do me justice," he said. "You talk of Mrs. Grattan, as if you and she were the same persons to me. I respect Mrs. Grattan. I admire her. But, with all her wealth, and with that ease which I suppose money brings with it, she does not work your miracles. If no one else tells you so, I will tell you so."

She looked on the carpet, and was thoroughly attentive now.

"I do not want to talk about Mrs. Grattan; I want to talk—well, about myself—and about Miss Mary Bell. And I want to talk of both together."

And here he tried to smile.

"I have asked you to come in here, because I have a favor to ask. You do not know me, I think—I hope—as well as I could wish that you knew me. I am sure that I know you—that is, I say so to myself, every morning, and then every night I am sure that I know something of you which I never knew before. We are never alone, and that is the reason why I am so bold now. If you will believe—"

"Are you two here?" cried Mrs. Fisher, entering at this moment, from a little room, which was called the morning-room. "I have been roaming all round this empty house, to find some sort of society. One might as well live in a log-cabin. And here you have been talking temperance all the morning."

Mr. Mellen, who would have gladly thrown her out of the window, repressed himself so far as to say that they had but that moment come in; that they had come from the school exhibitions.

"I know that very well," said Mrs. Fisher, who had just before said she supposed something else. "I know where you all went. Mary told me. And because I happened to breakfast up-stairs, no one could tell me in time. Because, I suppose, it is my pet pleasure of the year to go and hear these little things speak and sing, it had to be kept a dead secret from me. I came down just as you had gone, and found the house empty, as usual."

Mr. Mellen hastened to say that a message from her maid gave Mr. Fisher the impression that she did not wish to go.

"I do not know what I said to Mary. My head was cracked with pain. I was not fit to sit up. And I should not have got up, but that everything goes wrong the minute I stay in bed fifteen minutes later than usual."

"Ah, Mr. Mellen, no man will ever understand what the care of a great household is, where one has, beside, the families of twelve hundred work-people to look

after." And she sank, in her most helpless and confiding attitude, on the sofa by poor Mellen's side, and begun with him, just as if she had never begun before, as if he were an entire stranger, and were wholly new to the story of her sufferings, her loneliness, and of what it was to be misunderstood or not understood at all.

"Now, take to-day," she said, in her most confidential tone. She was so confidential that Miss Bell rose, and said, "I will run up-stairs, and be ready for dinner. Cordelia will be here in five minutes, Mrs. Fisher, and your husband with her."

And poor Mellen—such is the fate of men in highly civilized society—could not rush after her, and beg her to give him some chance to show her what man he was. He would have been so glad to say everything to her. Of what she had been to him already, and could be forever, if she would let him. And—such is destiny—instead of this, he must sit and share the wayward sorrows of his wayward hostess.

"Yes, Mr. Mellen," said Mrs. Fisher, so soon as Mary Bell had gone. "I was saying that this was one of the mornings when I felt specially well. I dressed myself with that feeling—you know what it is, dear Mr. Mellen—of exultant joy that I was in the world. Well, yes, I wanted to measure myself with the world. You understand me, I am sure, Mr. Mellen, though so few people do understand me. I felt as if poor I, also, could be of some use.

"And then, think of it. No, you cannot think of it. Without the experience of it, even you would not imagine it. To come down stairs, ready for action, as I heard you say yesterday—or, was it Mr. Rossiter who said it—to come down and find yourself quite left out and forgotten. That nobody wanted you, and all the plans had been made without you."

She stopped, and suppressed a sob.

"Well, I shall be used to it some day, I suppose. Do not let us talk of that. Let us talk of something more important. You speak to-night, I think. May I go with you, dear Mr. Mellen? Interested as I am in everything which relates to the people, do not think that it is I who brings all the frivolity into this house. The girls—well, of course, Cordelia and Mary must spend their time as they will, and I am the last person to hinder them. But if I could, if—well, you know, dear Mr. Mellen, I will out with it. If it did not seem like flying in my poor husband's face, I would fill this house with such people as—well, as you."

Mr. Mellen hastened to assure her that the society he had met in the house had been such as he had enjoyed and profited by.

"You are very kind. But I do think sometimes, that if I ever had a well day—if I were not such a wretched wreck—"

At this moment they heard the front-door open, and John Fisher's voice as cheery as if there had never been a cross to his life:

"All aboard! Who's at home. The prodigals have returned, and are all starving."

And Mr. Mellen gladly left his companion, to meet Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Grattan in the hall.

*To be continued.*

## Woman's Work in Philanthropy.

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IN one sense, the end and aim of all charity is no charity; in another, the end and aim of all charity is more charity.

The ultimate object is not only to make every creature able to help himself but to transform him into something that helps other people. To do this is not alone to show him how to use the appliances and to familiarize him with the machinery of charity, but to inoculate him with a genuine and loving desire to be of use.

That desire, unfortunately, is not always born of one's own experience of want and suffering. Facts show, for example, that the convalescent, helped through a season of illness by relief funds, by gratuitous nursing, by medicine from the dispensaries, by nourishment from the free diet-kitchens, is not solicitous that her sick neighbor shall have all these benefits. On the contrary, she is quite as ready, when the neighbor falls ill, to feel that she makes a needless fuss, as is the woman who pulled through with no help at all. To this class of sufferers the present distress of some one else seems trifling compared with some past experience of their own. "Widdy McCarthy is way down with rheumatism, and very bad, indeed;" which fact stirs the heart of Widow McGinnis to the point, and only to the point, of remembrance that "onct hersilf was a dale worse off nor iver was Widdy McCarthy."

Theoretically, poverty is warm-hearted and pitiful; practically, it is often most pitiless and hard. If you want to find out the widow who *could* get on without charity supplies of coal and broth, ask one who is in receipt of both. Ten to one she will prove to you her own need of a trifle more, while proving that her neighbor could, by proper management, get on with a trifle less.

But no one, practically familiar with the sick poor, needs to be told that suffering does not always soften the heart and stimulate loving-kindness. Not rarely it hardens the heart and stimulates personal greed. Their own pains are poignant realities; other people's hurts are in some nebulous region beyond their horizon. How many feeble folk we all know, who are resignedly aggrieved that one could have so little consideration for their feebleness and suffering as to mention the painful things in other people's lives.

It is much the same story, rich and poor alike. There is no end of talk, and no end of work, and constantly multiplying appliances for aid to the needy, but the one essential factor in speech and work and plan, is often most sadly wanting. There's need of the people who care. Take, for example, a case like the following; no fancy sketch, you may be sure:

A young couple, intelligent, respectable, educated and poor, begin their life in a strange city by joining the church to which they belonged at home. Their house is in a cheap quarter, and most simply furnished. He has his profession, one overcrowded, and she has the housework and the baby.

On the Sunday when they joined the church, the pastor announced the residence of the new members, and adds a suggestion that the strangers be cordially welcomed in their midst. As time passes, one and another of the sisters pays her visit to the new-

comer, choosing an afternoon in which they were getting as many names "off their list" as they possibly could. Naturally enough, they were in haste; naturally enough, too, the little woman and the little home were never at their best. The baby was sure to be soiled or cross. The dainty touches that made the little parlor attractive had been postponed to make time for the essential work of the kitchen. The wearied little mother, in the tumbled gown that she had had no time to change, would hardly have been recognized, or have recognized herself, as the accomplished girl, who in her father's house had been the centre of an admiring group of friends. Ill at ease in the imposing presence of too many "good clothes," the sweetness and vivacity and intelligence that should make her a valued member of any church, do not find their way to the surface. The visitor departs, having done her duty, secretly thankful it is over, and glad it hasn't soon to be done again. The visit is returned, by and by, because it *must* be, with a devout hope that the hostess may be out. At church the visiting member's dainty plumes toss a gracious greeting to the home-made hat of the stranger, and though the apparent distance between them is only the width of the aisle, the real distance is too wide for any communication; so wide that it could only be crossed by a genuine kindness and care. Out of many members of a large church, no one ever called twice. Not one womanly heart detected under the quiet reserve of the stranger, the real need of a little common-sense comprehension of her changed conditions and her trials. Not one man out of all the sleek, and prosperous, and well-fed brethren, ever waked to the fact that the young brother, so regularly in his place on Sunday, was tempted of the devil all the week and might be saved by an encouraging word or an odd bit of business thrown in his way. Of his daily battle in the midst of maddening competition for honest work enough to keep soul and body together, not one of them ever guessed. And yet the bent head and haggard, haunted look in his eyes, and the threadbare suit, told a story that could never have been wrung from his manly lips. At the end of three patient years, when success crowned efforts and labors that had broken down health and nearly cost their lives, they could look back and say, "Among them all there was never a soul that cared whether we went up or down." Yet these men and women were God's own people, joined together to work the Master's will. Their church had cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. They upheld institutions, and gave largely to missions. They subscribed generously that flowers might bloom before their altar every Sunday of the year. Had these strangers needed charity, the collection for the church poor would have been cheerfully increased, but the kind word, the cordial hand-grasp, the natural, old-fashioned sympathy that interested itself in their commonplace and every-day needs, —the effort required to find out whether a young struggler was getting his share of business, or to see that something was put in his way—for all this it needed that some one should "care."

Many and many a young man goes downward instead of upward in our crowded cities, not for lack of religious privileges and opportunities,—for empty churches invite him at every corner,—but for lack of a friend who cares. Many a young woman in our kitchens deteriorates in usefulness and character, because if only her work is done, what she does with her small leisure nobody knows or cares.

This absence of genuine interest is the worm at the heart of our fair blossoms of charity. Every possible substitute is offered suffering humanity,—shelter, nursing, medicine, food, clothing, advice, but nothing avails for genuine uplifting without the heart of a friend. No pretence of interest is ever mistaken for the genuine feeling. It has no counterfeit. Nor can its lack be supplied by money, missions or tracts. We shall learn this as fast and no faster than we learn to care.



## BLIND BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY M. L. DICKINSON.

### I.

I KNOW the truth :—the sun *is* there, beyond  
The veil of gray that hides the bending blue ;  
The stars strove yester-night to pierce it through,  
And failed,—yet none the less, I knew them fair,  
And shining, out of sight, with eyes as fond  
As if the soul beneath their smiling, grew  
To joy in God's illuminate beyond.

### II.

I know the paths that seem so hard and steep  
Lead homeward ever, under cloud or sun ;—  
That whether swift or slow the brief days run,  
The *years* are in the hollow of His hand ;  
The eternal years, whose purpose calm and grand  
Is His, whose ways are right, though in the deep,  
Whose calm or storm we may not understand.

### III.

I know that ill enfolds the inmost good ;—  
That false oft hides the true,—like seed the flower,—  
That day-break surely ends the darkest hour ;—  
That all is well, if all were understood.  
Yet, 'mid the wondrous hidings of His power  
Grope darkly on, as only blindness could,  
And fear to fall, yet neither cringe nor cower.

### IV.

Lead on, good Father, to Thy secret place !  
Why hidest Thou ? or why am I so blind,  
That sun nor star breaks through the troubled mind ?  
Work out in me that miracle of grace  
That sees the world in pain, yet knows Thee kind ?  
That finds the shining of Thy patient face  
Within each human grief or care enshrined ?

## NATURAL SCIENCE IN THE PRIMARY SCHOOL.

BY MRS. MARY H. PEABODY.

AMONG the various ways and means which are approved by those who are interested, both in the charitable relief of misery in the present, and in that prevention of future ills which lies in the real education of the young, it is noticeable that the kindergarten finds frequent and honorable mention. As a method of reform, it is more generally accepted than truly understood. "It seems to be a good way of beginning to teach children."

With so much of inclination in its favor, an explanation of the Kindergarten as a definite form of training for children from three to six or seven years of age, and as a preparation for school, in which are used the elements of mathematics and natural science, appeals at once to our intelligent interest, as providing a means for meeting some of the demands of the time.

As a training for the mind it gives a series of lessons which are a natural reply and supply to the questions and efforts which children, taken as a whole, continuously repeat. Froebel studied children, and when he saw what they were, as natural growth, he endeavored to aid them in their attempts to expand and grow, by organizing a succession of amusements and occupations which should lay the foundation for a broad and rational education.

The method of the kindergarten is from the eye to the hand; from seeing to doing. The perceptive faculties are called into action, and the child is then given materials with which he can make the solid forms, the faces, the lines and points, with which his eye has already become familiar. The key-note of the whole system lies in Froebel's "law of sequences;" the scientific method by which every va-

riety of work and play is made an orderly step in a most logical advancement; each day's work being at once a development of that which preceded, and a preparation for that which is to follow. The order is Nature's own, and to that truth the kindergarten owes its strength.

The results of true kindergarten training are threefold. Distinct though ultimately connected, they rest upon a broad idea of the child's connection with Nature, the creator and man.

Mentally, the child brings from a *true* kindergarten clear ideas of the forms that make the beginning of geometry. He has added, subtracted, multiplied and divided real things so constantly and so variously as to be perfectly prepared for work in abstract figures. In geometrical drawing, taught by dictation of a rule and never by copy, he has an eye and hand more or less skilful. He knows the principal colors and their relations to each other. He has gained ideas of time, tone and tune for a beginning of music. He is also in the habit of observing form, size and quality, and can put his observations into clear and simple words.

Morally, he has a contempt for poor work and a respect for that which is good, and learns from daily experience that labor is the prelude to possession. Through the social laws to which he has been subject, he has a sense of unity in society, of personal responsibility and the need of regard for the rights of others. The idea of truth has been constantly before him. His materials, the lines he draws, the clay he moulds, the circle of children at play, all must be true to laws and rules which are dependent upon truth in the individual.

When the kindergarten is really understood, it offers a solution for the problem of the school which should follow; which will combine mental and manual training, and, by keeping the child an inquirer and a worker, will thus start him fairly for whatever he may or can best be, as he grows up.

The idea of industrial education is now a public one, and already meets a wide support. But while the idea has thus won acceptance, the whole right and reason of the matter, the reason why children should work and what they should do is not yet clearly shown, nor is any plan yet complete, which is sufficiently natural to satisfy all who are considering the matter.

One point, however, does make itself plain, and will doubtless serve for ground of advance in primary instruction, both literary and technical, and this is the fact that, as industry is use of natural material, so natural science, which teaches the origin, growth, character and capabilities of material, will be recognized as offering the necessary and natural means by which young minds should be taught systematically from the beginning.

This work is begun in the kindergarten through the presentation of substance, form and number, and the variations of these in the industries that illustrate the original lessons. These industries are starting-points for all the great work that is done, and when the school really gets settled upon the foundation of Nature, it will go on teaching from the same elements, in the same progressive way.

An extract from a lecture given by Prof. R. H. Thurston, at Scranton, Pa., says: "It is intelligence, not brute force, that governs the universe and conquers fate."

Showing the demand of the times for technical training, the need is set forth for special schools for "children who are to become skilled artisans, or who are to become unskilled laborers in departments which offer opportunities for their advancement, when their intelligence and

skill prove their fitness for such promotion, to the position of skilled artisans." This is one of the calls for the teaching of natural science in primary schools, and serves as an illustration of what is fast being urged upon educators.

Then from the opposite side of mere literary culture, comes the educational truth that natural science offers the best means for training the young mind, teaching by its unvarying logic, by its growth from unity to variety, by its marvels and by its beauty, the omnipresence of natural law and the need of intelligent obedience thereto in those who would excel, even in the world of letters or of art.

The earth is our home. Its materials are the signs of our life, and our best estate of body and mind is reached through knowing how to use them to express the growth of our minds. The highest uses, the most widely beneficial, are those accomplished by means of the forces of nature when, through deeper insight and better comprehension, they are directed understandingly to new and useful ends. These uses are ultimately developed by the hands. The more skilful the hands the better is thought expressed and the greater is the use to the world. When man is most useful to man, "the neighbor," he performs that good work which is the highest form of outward service. If he regards his individual power as the "talent" for which he is responsible, and if this sense of personal accountability passes from the family limit through the school, the state and the world to the Creator, then his labor is prayer and the best foundation of other forms of worship.

The practical outcome of a use of Natural Science in the primary school, if it were properly taught, would be the child's gradual perception of nature in its adaptation and relation to man; the world would appear as a store-house of treasure for man's use, and he, as an inheritor, would be enlightened as to his own true place in Nature, with the Creator above, and his fellow-men about him.

## THE TRUE STORY OF THE ATKINSON NAME.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

It was a relief to the Greenville mind when Johnny Atkinson ran away. Not that Johnny had in any way, at any time, made himself obnoxious. On the contrary, his honest little face, freckled to a degree that allowed no hint of what the underlying skin might be, was a standing reproach to the more sensitive members of the Greenville church, which had never been entirely certain what attitude it was best to hold toward the Atkinson family. There were so many of them that action for a solitary member was quite out of the question, yet they had all reached such a stage of irresponsibility that action by somebody was imperatively demanded.

Why "the Atkinson luck" should have come to be the synonym of all misfortune and perverse fate, was a mystery to new-comers in Greenville, a quiet little town, whose chief activity centered about the paper mill, near Indian pond. Explanation was easy, and even the children soon knew that whatever the Atkinsons might have been, at present they had fallen from their high estate, missing it so little, that most of them passed the old mansion, given over now to Irish tenants, without even a qualm as they looked at the old hats in the windows and the rags floating from lilacs and currant bushes. The decadence had begun long ago, the oldest inhabitant remembering well how the old Judge's sons had taken to drink, and sent whatever portion of the family fortune they could lay hands upon to the winds. The old Judge had been the son of the second minister of the town: a dignified and discreet gentleman of the old school, whose life had ample space in the town history, and whose doctrines had been sharply defined enough to have

hedged in all wanderers. Somehow they failed, and the old parson heard with incredulous and then indignant surprise, of the pranks played by his three sons successively, at the college of which he had been one of the most distinguished ornaments. They stood high in their classes. Nobody could say that the Atkinsons had not plenty of mother wit, but they defied all law and decorum, and in the end vanished from Greenville and were seen no more, only the youngest one retaining any position in the family life. He had studied seriously and steadily, and in time did credit to the name, but the others, who had chosen a city life, lived out their own wild fancies, and what with horses and cards and wine, had made for themselves reputations, the floating rumors of which now and then reached Greenville turning the sober inhabitants cold with horror. Madam Atkinson, who had been a Barrows, and everybody knew that the name Barrows meant power to turn everything into gold, had brought property into the family, and the careful old parson had managed it in such fashion that the Judge in time became the wealthy man of the whole country-side. He, too, married money, but in spite of his well-regulated life, it had gradually slipped away, nobody could tell exactly how. There were whispers that the original gains had a curse upon them; that piracy or even something worse had been the business of the first Barrows, and that it would all slip away as speedily as it had come. The Judge held to it with a tight grasp, so tight that his pretty young wife came soon to be a worn and anxious woman, always plotting and planning how to secure a little pleasure for the boys. There

were five of them, each one more reckless than the last, and one after another they had wandered away, going West, or being lost in the great vortex which had swallowed up the previous generation, the mysterious and always-to-be-dreaded city.

In time the mother, who wore always the look of one who waited for something that never came, ceased her watching and found an end of perplexities under the pines that shadowed the old graveyard on the hill. In time, too, the Judge, always a credit to the town as a sound lawyer whose decisions were never questioned, but its standing disgrace as the only skinflint ever numbered among its best families, ceased also from the vain struggle to hold to his dollars, and took his place at her side. Then gradually it became known that the money was gone: gone in speculations so wild that it was impossible to believe that the silent and discreet man had ever ventured upon them. Even the old place was mortgaged to the utmost, and when the foreclosure took place was found to have fallen into the hands of the sharpest practitioner in Durham county; a man hardly to be mentioned in reputable society, who proceeded to turn it into a tenement for the mill people, its nearness to the pond making this an eminently desirable thing to do.

Now came the most singular feature of the case. The family had practically disappeared. Not an Atkinson remained in the place, in which the name had been in the beginning honored beyond any other, and in which it had come to mean a mysterious falling away from old traditions and all that the ownership of such title would seem to have demanded. And then suddenly an irruption of Atkinsons, an irruption so unexpected and surprising that the feeling it excited could hardly be put into words. Back from the West came the three sons who long ago had turned from the East, but with whom most plainly the Atkinson luck

had had its way, and with them came the families which numbered more than any generation of Atkinsons had known. The women were of an order unknown to the Greenville mind, two of them sisters, with traces of former good looks, but gaunt and worn, and revealing themselves in time as North Carolina "poor whites," who had in some freak of energy on the father's part been set down in southern Michigan and there seen and married by the two Atkinsons, who also had strayed into that region. It was all incongruous and mysterious together. They dipped snuff, and sat in the sun exchanging reminiscences when they roused enough to talk at all, and the husbands, who seemed to have taken on some of their characteristics, hunted and trapped in the hills back of the town, drank a good deal, and now and then gardened a little in the patches back of the two old houses, hardly more than shanties, on the Hazelton turnpike. Why they had come, no one could tell. They had lost all trace of their early training, and settled contentedly into a life opposed to every New England tradition, and the town, having discussed the matter from every point of view, decided that nothing could be done about it, and waited calmly for the results.

As to the third brother, no definite information could be extracted from either the widow or children. She, too, was a mystery; as energetic and capable as the others were shiftless, and taking up her quarters in the town itself, where she shortly opened a small shop, in the door of which a sign was presently tacked,

*Dressmaking and Millinery.*

The one or two who ventured to try her skill, reported it to be something quite phenomenal, her bows owning an airiness never attained by Miss Herrick, who had been milliner for the principal families for thirty years. Other circum-

stances soon added to the interest with which she was regarded. It was discovered that she was Scotch, and not only this, but that she had also lived abroad, chiefly in Germany, where her father had been in charge of the gardens of an actual duke during her childhood, and afterward came to America because he desired more independence. He had gone to a Western city and started greenhouses in the outskirts, and here she had in time met and married Preston Atkinson, the handsomest and in every way most reputable of the family. He had never loved his father, but he did love mother and the old place, and though the "Atkinson luck" followed him, and turned all his ventures into disasters, he succeeded at least in one thing. The vague project, always latent in his mind, of some day going back and rescuing the old name from oblivion, crystallized in the oldest boy into the clearest and most sharply defined of intentions, and when the luckless father died, still in his youth and still confident that some one of his numberless experiments in the way of earning a living would make their fortunes, the little mother, who knew that wherever they went she was certain at least of a living, yielded to the boy, and went back to the spot which in some strange way had had power to draw them all.

To the towns-people it had seemed like concerted arrangement, but it was very soon clear that here was a different order of Atkinson from anything they had known. It was also clear that one member at least of the other families had some portion of the same feeling, for little Johnny Atkinson, the son of Parker, followed his older cousin like a shadow, and no matter how flogged or otherwise argued with at home, persisted in knowing him, and imitating him so far as imitation was possible. Certainly there was discouragement enough, for things went from bad to worse, and it was evident that the Atkinson name was to sink still farther, and find,

it may be, in the poor-farm, the only harbor left to it. Johnny was like none of them. He picked berries and drove cows, and made himself generally indispensable as errand boy at large, and every penny that he could save he turned over to his cousin John, who taught him in odd moments and would have taken him from his own home had this been possible. He himself was in the paper-mill now; a serious-eyed lad, who watched every process, studied evenings with persistent energy, and who, as Johnny grew, said to himself that by and by there should be a place there for him too.

Johnny's own plans were indefinite. He meant to copy the other John closely, and he meant also several other things, which so far had been failures; to have his sisters go to the district school, and his mother and aunt learn some Yankee ways. But there was more and more drinking, and one night when the strap had been used with a fury that did not spend itself on Johnny but passed on to the others, he came to a sudden resolve, and when the drunken sleep was well under way, stole down the rickety stairs, taking his last look for many a day at the tumble-down house, quiet at last under the moonlight. On a shingle with a bit of charcoal he wrote to the elder John: "*I shall not come back till I am big enough not to be licked,*" and that was the end of Johnny Atkinson for the time being.

A month or two more and an epidemic of typhus fever appeared in the village, first showing itself in the houses near the marsh, and making its way at last into places the most guarded. It was hardly matter for mourning when the two Atkinsons fell before it, nor even when one of the wives followed, and then one or two of the children. In fact, the young doctor, who had fought for the wretched lives with professional zeal, said to himself when the battle ended, that justice had been done, and that things must be

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easier for those who remained. The remaining widow, when convalescent, wasted no time, but with a decision which could hardly have been expected, made up a bundle of such matters as she considered desirable and walked over to the poor-farm, where she could be quite sure that the three meals a day, which of late, in her own case, had often dwindled to one, would be quite certain hereafter. There were no children left to care for, and in the other family, Johnny's oldest sister was sixteen, and able to go into the mill if she pleased, a degradation to which she personally would never submit. The little milliner, who had borne them all in her mind, seconding her boy's efforts with as steady determination as his own, appealed to her in vain. In fact, there was nothing to appeal to, and having decided that she had found what appeared to be the best place, and that she might be considered as disposed of permanently, Mrs. Atkinson concentrated her energies upon the girls, well-nigh as helpless as their mother, but so roused by the emergency as to hold some promise of better things than they had ever known.

Now that she could work unhampered there was some hope of altering matters for the better. The girls should not go into the mill if she could help it. Her own business had grown, and people came from all the neighboring towns for a type of work not to be found in their own. It might be possible to turn one of the girls in the same direction. In the meantime they should go to school and learn practical ways. They were affectionate creatures, and John represented to them the best they had ever known. For his sake they made efforts that never could have been dreamed of for their own, developing unsuspected energies, and assimilating all the new conditions with a rapidity that, within a few months, transformed them into something more nearly resembling the old family type than could ever have been hoped. The Atkinsons had been a

handsome race, and these girls as they grew showed more and more their right to the name. Probably nothing less than the pervading, penetrating the energy of little woman who was not Atkinson at all, save as her boy made her so, could have transformed them; that and the sort of feeling with which they regarded their cousin, who had shot far beyond them, and at twenty was a broad-shouldered, six-foot young fellow, too serious and absorbed for any full play of the lighter nature that had always been suppressed. His place was made. He was indispensable in the mill, for he had already simplified one or two processes by hints which seemed to come involuntarily, and the partners looked upon him as destined to effect a revolution in the manufacture of certain grades of their paper.

Eight years had passed since the return, and already the Atkinson name meant more than it had since the early days of the old Judge's career. The girls had fitted into the scheme outlined for them; had learned their work thoroughly and taken their places in the store, now enlarged and depended upon as the best thing to be had after the city itself. Thus the family fortunes went on to a prosperity born of new conditions, honest labor, deliberate resolution to be and do the best, and no shame that hands must carry out the work of head. Then came the war, as remote to the boys of to-day as the Revolutionary war, but none the less a tremendous, never-to-be-forgotten fact for those who shared it, and John went into it, to come out minus a left arm, but plus John the second, whose checkered career there is no room for here; the elder Colonel, and the younger Captain, John Atkinson. Evidently John the second, still freckled, had reached the desired stage and could return home with no fear of being licked, and home he went, to gaze in speechless amazement on the transformed cousins, and to take

his share in the waiting work. To-day they are partners. The old place, restored and purified, is theirs, and the name known and honored by thousands whom it has blessed.

It is not Greenville and they are by no means Atkinsons whose story I have written, nor is there space for even a hint of much that makes the real story. But I have told it, in part as an argument

against that doctrine of heredity, over-faith in which has poisoned the source of effort and made human struggle seem weak and vain; in part also as a partial statement of the creed that faith and works must be one, and that love is the element that binds them into any working force. And if this seems too much like a moral, turn back and let the record be its own moral.

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### A FRAGMENT.

BY GEO. MACDONALD.

HENCEFORTH all things Thy dealings are with me,  
For out of Thee is nothing nor can be,  
And all things are to draw us home to Thee.  
What matter that the knowers, scoffing, say,  
"This is old folly, plain to the new day;"—  
If Thou be such as Thou, and they as they,  
Unto Thy "*Let there be*," they still must answer, *Nay*.

They will not, therefore, cannot find out God.  
Nothing they could know could be God. In sooth,  
Unto the true alone exists the truth.  
They say well, saying Nature doth not show Him.  
Truly she shows not what she cannot show;  
And they deny the thing they cannot know.  
Who sees a glory, towards it will go.

Faster no step moves God, because the fool  
Shouts to the universe, God there is none;  
The blinded man will not preach out the sun,  
Though on the darkness he should found a school.  
It may be, when he finds he is not dead,  
Though world and body, sight and sound are fled,  
The eyes may open in his foolish head.

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## THE PRINCESS MARY'S VILLAGE HOMES.

BY MRS. SARAH A. McCLEES.

IN England, to a far greater extent than in the United States, the work of charity is carried on by individuals.

A good woman, filled with love to God and man, has her sympathies aroused on behalf of prisoners, and conceives the idea of giving relief,—thus the name of Elizabeth Fry becomes famous by ministries to criminals.

A benevolent man is touched by the sufferings of the same classes, oppressed, neglected and outcast,—examples of man's inhumanity to man—and he stands out conspicuous amongst the race of noble Englishmen, as Howard, the Philanthropist.

Some, having less than a world-wide fame, and who are still in the midst of their activities, have established such noble enterprises for the benefit of the race, as to be worthy of a place on the roll of honor, before receiving that posthumous renown which awaits them. Chiefly, however, for the sake of presentation of some admirable methods of alleviation of ills to which humanity is subject, and as an example of successful reform effort amongst the most degraded classes of London, is this sketch presented to the benevolent in our land. A visit to the Old World, afforded unusual opportunities to come in contact with well-known individuals and associations, who were engaged in various branches of practical charity, in Great Britain. Scotland being first visited, we found in Glasgow and Edinburgh, ladies with historic names, Mrs. Melrose and Mrs. Douglas, who kindly chaperoned their American visitors, giving inside views of many institutions which cared for the helpless, infirm and poverty-stricken classes.

It is difficult to imagine beautiful and classic Edinburgh as any other than polite and refined. To see this ancient and his-

toric city, with its schools and colleges, its periodicals, reviews and newspapers, its monuments, palaces and churches, is to the casual observer an evidence of unalloyed prosperity; but one has to be there only a few days and to pass from Prince Street, its Fifth Avenue promenade, to its narrow, filthy *closes* (synonym for alleys) witness scenes of misery as terrible as those of the Five Points of New York, or the Seven Dials of London.

Some factories and many breweries account for this anomaly.

Here Dr. Guthrie's Ragged Schools and Sewing Classes for factory girls were conspicuous amongst many private benevolences, sustained by large-hearted men and women actuated by motives which produced Dr. Livingstone's noble words: "It would be better to lessen human woe, than to discover the sources of the Nile." After a month of rare enjoyment, following in the usual route of tourists, getting glimpses of Scottish scenery amidst her lochs and glens, her beautiful ruins and historic Abbotsford, we left those classic hills for the great city by the Thames, overflowing with its millions of population. Here, as in New York, evidence was given on every side of its vast limits, of the loving heart of Christian love, weeping over the woes of humanity, and here, too, as there, we found the helping hand carrying its benefactions in blessed deeds of kindness and relief.

It is my province to unfold but one of the manifold agencies in operation in London, for the benefit of the poor.

The great gates of Westminster Prison swing open every morning on the stroke of the nine o'clock bell, and out of them issue a number of wretched, dirty, vicious-looking men and women, "*discharged prisoners*" they are called. Standing

outside the heavy stone walls, is another group of pitiful human beings, just as forlorn, waiting for friends or *pals*, the term for companions in vice and crime. They come out, as they went in, *hungry*. What will they do, but return to the old haunts, and to the old life of idleness or theft to gain a few pennies to drown their wretchedness in rum, and gin or beer?

Will any one give employment to a thief or drunkard or to a jail-bird?

A lady, living in her comfortable home in South Lambeth, near the Bishop's palace, and not remote from the gloomy prison, witnessing these woes of her own sex, her sympathies awakened, began to think what could be done for their reformation. Then came the thought, "What can *I* do?" She was a woman of prayer, the Bible was the man of her counsel, and, in the light of its teaching, she knew that He who gave the impulse would enable her "to fulfill all her desires" to "lend a helping hand."

Mrs. Susanna Meredith, and her sister, the Hon. Miss Lloyd, being owners of the handsome property where they resided, had a religious household. Morning and evening the servants were assembled in the act of worship, and these ladies, who had long been the handmaids of the Lord, doing good service for His cause, in connection with the Church of England, were ready when the call came for a special consecration to a special service. The reformation of discharged women prisoners was the formidable task which came to their minds as a hopeful scheme of effort.

The first necessity was provision for their bodily wants. Preceding this, however, there must be an expression of sympathy, beaming through the eye, and flowing from the lips. Mrs. Meredith, in her wisdom and Christlikeness, did not avoid these Pariahs of society, but standing with the ragged crowd outside the gates, stepped forward to meet the outcasts, and said graciously, "Would you like a cup of coffee?" "Yes," responded

eagerly a dozen or more voices; so, leading the way, we (who had gone to see how the work was made practical) entered on the ground floor, a comfortable and attractive room, near by. Here stood behind a counter, a neatly-dressed *reformed* woman. She had once been "one of them." Before her steamed a large urn of fragrant coffee and substantial rolls. Having poured out the grateful beverage, in liberal cups, we served the women. While they felt so warm and comfortable, a chapter was read, a prayer offered, then the attendants passed around with the inquiry to each, "Would you like a day's work? If so, here is a ticket to cross Westminster Bridge, and after your day's work in the *Laundry*, you will be paid, and can return to-morrow, if you wish."

There was no need to urge. By whatever motive prompted, whether by the higher emotion of gratitude which sought to repay the unusual refreshment, for it seemed to be more than an expression of the lips, as they uttered "God bless you, ladies!" or whether the lower motive of getting a chance to supply the old craving for liquor, it matters not. The facts were, that two-thirds of the motley group accepted the tickets and followed directions to the place of daily toil.

This now large establishment, having every facility for carrying on the different departments of laundry work, machinery of the most recent and approved sort in use, is situated within a few blocks of the mansion where the rare executive head planned all the minute details of this beneficent charity.

A woman of experience occupies rooms in the establishment, where the closest supervision is given to its management. She looks after the clothing and assort it, and after the various processes have been gone through, washing, bleaching, starching and ironing, it is returned to her for *repairs*. The clothing taken in comes from industrious, poor families, to whom it is an incalculable boon to escape the

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washing-day, and to have decent, well-mended garments returned to them for the small sum of a shilling a dozen!

"But how," inquires the thrifty philanthropist, "can such an enterprise be made to pay?" and the answer may be given in the words of one of our American wits at a meeting of citizens to raise funds for a public library. When the same question was asked, he answered, "I want one city to rise to that eminence where it can do something that won't pay!" Could my readers see the long list of large contributions to this recognized good work, they would realize it was not intended to make it self-supporting.

But the cheapness of the wash for the industrial classes of London, although a great good, is not the prime consideration with the founder of this charity, it is but subsidiary to the object of renewing and cleansing the *human-divine beings* born with capacities of thinking and loving and living on through the eternities; so, in addition to the noon hour for rest, an English five o'clock tea invites the workers, with their hands wiped from the suds of the tub, to seats in a bright room for conversation, an hour of uplifting thoughts, of loving messages from the Father above, a familiar chat about each one's habits and habitation, of conditions, and ties and relationships, with a revelation of needs, followed by payment for the day's services, and an invitation to come again the next day, memoranda having been taken to hold the clue to these women who never before, perhaps, thought themselves of sufficient consequence to have *one* name, so many aliases were theirs, or to hail from any local habitation, in their nomadic wanderings. But to fix the individuality, to kindle a spark of self-respect, was the first requisite in the spiritual training begun that day in the Coffee Room.

The mother-heart beat in the breasts of some of those, under the rags, and to care for the children, "the gutter children," followed as a natural sequence of this broad charity. They must have a home

and protectors. It should be out of town,—they must leave the squalid and vicious associations. To desire it was to possess it. The Canaan out of this wilderness was found, not in far-off Australia, but near at hand. The history of another individual consecration, in the person of Miss Cavendish, niece of the Duke of Devonshire, who owned a piece of ground, a few acres adjoining Windsor Estate, its gift for the extension of Mrs. Meredith's benefactions—then, a donation from *Princess Mary*, Duchess of Teck, of three hundred pounds to build a cottage, succeeded by several more individual contributions of similar amounts, is easily narrated, and sets before the eye, as in a picture with a few bold strokes, the beautiful little village of stone cottages, each with its family of twelve little folks of different ages, from the baby to the girl of fifteen,—the household presided over by a matronly woman styled *Mother*.

Being a model housekeeper, the children are trained in practical methods of service. A school-house within the enclosure, completes all that is needed in the early training of these little waifs of humanity.

The large, hospitable mansion of Mrs. Meredith opened its doors to us for a week's visit, and several young ladies from the country, who enjoyed a trip to the metropolis, were sharers of its good cheer, as well as aids in the varied departments of this splendidly organized work.

The ability to enlarge the sphere of operations, as needs present themselves, to secure the coöperation of helpers and contributors, to sustain a monthly magazine for circulation amongst the patrons, to familiarize herself with each individual forming a part of the large and ever increasing industrial family, is a marvellous indication of the expansion of the human intellect and its development of resources, when under the control of a noble sentiment and Christlike devotion to the good of humanity.

## TOILERS OF THE CITY.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

### II.—*The Machine Operator.*

"MISS WOLFE, you look downcast," observed Lou Neville, one evening, as she encountered her neighbor in the hall.

"I have just received the cut direct on the street," returned Miss Wolfe, "and, naturally, I am feeling it."

"A cut direct? Was it from that Mrs. Horton?"

"No indeed! 'That Mrs. Horton,' as you call her, is not nearly so black as you are disposed to paint her."

"I don't paint her! She paints herself—not black, though, but red. I'm sure she uses rouge."

"Take care! Don't you remember how offended you were when some one said your heavy braid did not all grow on your head? You were for taking out your hair-pins then and there, and inviting her to pull."

"I stand corrected! Maybe Mrs. Horton only pinches her cheeks. But who gave you that cut direct? Come into the sitting-room, and tell us all about it. It isn't often that you favor us with a visit. Here is a rocking-chair for you, and you need it after climbing up to roofs and gables all day long."

"I haven't been higher than the fourth story to-day. This isn't my visiting day, but I went to see Bessie Lewis late this afternoon, after she came home from work. I wished to ask about Lizzie Burke, who used to room with her. I knew her health was failing, and I intended to make arrangements for sending her to the seashore for a few weeks, but I was too late. You have heard me speak of Lizzie Burke, have you not?"

"The girl that you said was quite as

pretty as any picture of Mary Anderson? Yes, you spoke of coming across her in Mrs. Barrett's 'Boarding-house for Working Ladies and Gents.'"

"That is the place; and cheap as it is, (three dollars and a half a week for ladies, and four for gents,) it used to take pretty much all she and Bessie earned to pay their board; though, as they shared a hall-room at the top floor, they were, as a favor, charged only three dollars apiece. Bessie's mother used to sew for me in days gone by, and, since her death, I have tried not to lose sight of Bessie, though I cannot induce her to attend my Bible-class regularly. She is a scarf-maker, and she says that after working six days and six nights in the week, she is sometimes too tired when Sunday comes, to get out of her bed. Lizzie Burke, whom I first met in Bessie's room, was not only a very pretty, but an extremely well-mannered girl. There was something quite stylish in her appearance in spite of her well-worn dress. She looked tired out, though, poor thing, when she came in from work, and no wonder! She ran a sewing-machine from half-past seven in the morning till six in the evening, and even then did not earn, usually, more than four dollars a week."

"Was that in a dress-making establishment?"

"No. It was in a slop-shop, a place where the cheap underwear is manufactured that you girls are so fond of getting at a bargain. If you remember, I have begged you more than once not to show me your purchases in this line. The sight of them made me think of poor



Lizzie Burke with her aches and pains. When the machine-work on some garments is paid for at the rate of fifteen cents for a dozen garments, you can imagine how hard a girl has to work to keep body and soul together. Lizzie was, as I have said, an exceedingly pretty girl, both in face and figure, and it was easy to see that she was extremely fond of dress, for her faded dress not only fitted her like wax, but had been altered and altered again to adapt it to the prevailing style. Her collar and cuffs were fresh and glossy, though Bessie told me that Lizzie and she were obliged to do all their washing in their hand-basins, and their ironing when the cook was in humor to let them into the kitchen."

"Poor things! But when there are so many girls, *too many*, in this city, how is one to help them?"

"Be careful how you talk, my dear! You may be one of those superfluous girls yourself. How much have you done towards helping your fellow-creatures?"

"If I had Mrs. Horton's money, I know what I would do. I would buy miles upon miles of Lonsdale cambric, and give it to poor girls to make up into something to wear, and then I'd send the garments to Zululand or somewhere else where clothes ought to be introduced."

"And having Lou Neville's money, why don't you deprive yourself of chocolate *boubons*, and help some poor girl with what you save?"

"Well, I will! And I'll send Lizzie Burke my French bunting, instead of having it made up for myself."

"I fear it is rather too late to help poor Lizzie Burke."

"Poor Lizzie Burke? She is dead then?"

"No, not dead, though I could almost wish she were. Bessie told me this afternoon that, a few weeks ago, she insisted, in spite of all that Bessie could say, on answering in person a newspaper advertisement for a housekeeper 'not over thirty, and of pleasing face and figure.' She pretended to take it for an honest advertisement, but she admitted to Bessie that she had never had the slightest experience of housekeeping, and—well, the end of it all was that she saw the advertiser in a downtown office, went to take the position, and Bessie has never seen her since. I have seen her, though. I met her this afternoon on my way home. She was dressed in a bright-colored silk and a much-beflowered hat, and it was she who gave me the cut direct."

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.

EARLY in the sessions of the Lake Mohonk Conference held last October, a draft of a series of resolutions was prepared proposing certain measures deemed to be important to the welfare of the Indians. Each proposition was set forth in bold language that there might be a clear-cut discussion on the different points. This working draft as it stood, was not intended to be given out as the final utter-

ance of the Conference; the various propositions were to be modified and shaped by the wisdom and experience of the members present, and in the amended form offered to the public as a basis for united action among the friends of Indian progress. The trenchant sentences of the draft found their way into the papers over the country and were never quite overtaken by the carefully framed resolutions

which crowned the deliberations of the assembly. As a consequence, slight misapprehensions have arisen, and here and there groundless fears of hasty action have found expression.

The Indian question in its civil aspect is twofold; education and land. The first concerns the Indian personally. The second appeals directly to the public interest of the country.\*

If the Indian is to be saved, he must be educated, and his education must be something more than book knowledge. He needs the training of experience, of daily observation of civilized habits and life. He needs to learn that he does not belong to a people who cannot live in contact with the white race. We have taught him this selfish error, and he can only unlearn it in our midst. Out of the recognition of these needs has grown the great work of Indian Emancipation which is going on at Carlisle, Hampton, and kindred institutions.

Without education in the lines indicated, the Indian cannot hold his property, no matter how carefully it may be guarded by law, nor can he use it profitably to himself or the community in which he lives.

The lands held by many of the Indian tribes are too vast ever to be fully utilized by them. This extent of territory retards the advance of the Indian by isolating him from the industries that teem throughout the length and breadth of our land. This isolation tends to increase his dependence upon the government, to keep him in ignorance of his own short-comings, to leave him without ambition or any stimulus to action, and to make him the victim of conceit and pauperism.

On the other hand, these vast tracts lie like a dead weight on the white commu-

\* "Indian outbreaks," as they are called, are not considered. They do not pertain to the mass of Indian population, and have never done so. They are sporadic and result from causes which should be within our control.

nity, they retard the development of the country since the unused acres may not be touched by civilizing work. The waste land irritates the settlers, tempts them to wrong-doing, and fosters a hatred of the Indians who hold the idle territory.

The pressure of emigration will inevitably break through the boundary lines of the reservations, and the history of the past shows clearly that these lines once broken there is little choice of location possible for the Indian; he must take what the white man leaves. If the allotting of lands in severalty to the Indians is delayed many years, little of their valuable domain will be left to divide among them; hence the work should be inaugurated without loss of time. When in the resolutions of the Lake Mohonk Conference the word "immediate" is used, in reference to allotting land in severalty, it has a meaning relative to the slow process by which all legal enactments are secured. Should a bill providing for individual allotments to the Indians pass the present session of Congress, ten or fifteen years must elapse before the work could be faithfully accomplished; surveys, a careful study of locations, and of the needs and capacities of each particular tribe being needful to the taking of this step in the onward path of Indian civilization.

It should be recollected that giving land in severalty does not mean simply assigning here and there one hundred and sixty acres. That is easily done in the rich prairie lands, but the majority of the Indians no longer possess such lands, they are in the arid regions, where, without water for irrigation the soil is a barren waste. Selections for them must be made with reference to water privileges.

The right to tap streams for irrigating purposes is not clearly defined by law. White settlers dispute with one another on this point, and it is well known that they do not hesitate to draw off the water that flows through reservations, thus leaving

the Indian to suffer for lack of crops. The present anomalous position of the Indian before the law, renders him an easy prey to his keen-witted white neighbor, and the trouble will not abate until the Indian possesses full legal rights of appeal.

Each year the danger thickens about the Indian homes, and there is no time for temporizing with sentiment or ignorance. The treaties do not obstruct the onward path, they are in the main helpful, if kept aright. Those portions of the treaties which would have rendered the Indian self-respecting and self-supporting have been but feebly enforced hitherto, while those portions which kept him a prey to politics and greed have been more carefully fulfilled, since place and money to white men were secured thereby. Yet in spite of all the drawbacks the Indian has advanced, and to-day a better public sentiment exacts better methods of action for the future.

Looked at from the standpoint of the

Indian or the White man, the reservations fail to serve the cause of progress and good feeling. They came into existence as a make-shift, while the idea prevailed of holding and treating the Indians as independent nations, and, later on in our history, reservations were erected as a sort of corral where the Indians were gathered for safe-keeping. The system, if it may bear so dignified a name, contains no elements of strength or permanent usefulness. The recognition of individual rights to property is not consonant with the reservation organization, and without such recognition, progress along the lines of our civilization is impossible to the Indian. Justice to him therefore requires the giving to him of the rights of individual ownership of his property, of extending over him the law of the land, of opening to him the various avenues of self-support, of educating him to meet his responsibility, and finally, according to him the rights of citizenship.

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### A STEP FORWARD.

SIGNS are not wanting, says an exchange, to show that the clerical ascendancy over Frenchwomen is already on the decline and will ere long be a thing of the past. A lady belonging to the upper middle class has just given to the city of Angers the magnificent sum of eight thousand pounds to be expended on the foundation of an orphan asylum, with these conditions: that the staff of the orphanage consist *in perpetuo* solely of laymen and laywomen,

and that it shall remain entirely under civil, to the exclusion of all religious, control. The initiative of this lady, by name Mdme. Girault-Lesourd, is all the more remarkable as showing the sense of moral responsibility now recognized by thoughtful Frenchwomen. £8,000, moreover, although a handsome donation anywhere, is all the handsomer in France, where fortunes are more equally divided than among ourselves.

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### CAN INDIANS BE CHRISTIANIZED?

IN answer to this a correspondent says: "There are about six thousand Baptist communicants in the Indian Territory. Supposing that there are but very few of any other denomination the ratio of Protestant church members to total population is as great in the Indian Territory as in

the cities of Boston and New York. If all other denominations combined have only as many as the Baptists, then the Indian Territory has a far larger proportion of church members than at least some of our great American cities."

# Ten Times One.

"Look up and not down :—  
Look forward and not back :—  
Look out and not in,  
And Lend a Hand."

## WESTFIELD T. T. T. CLUB.

WESTFIELD, May 22, 1886.

DEAR MR. HALE :—Last evening, May 21, 1886, we held our twelfth and last club meeting for the season.

Our meetings the past winter have been more fully attended than any year before, our membership numbering sixty. We meet fortnightly, Friday evenings from seven to nine. For literary work we have taken an imaginary trip to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," visiting on our way the principal cities of Norway and Sweden, thus becoming familiar with the modes of travel, manners and customs and life of the people. A large map of the Scandinavian peninsula was drawn by one of the members and used to mark out the path of our travel. The first two meetings were occupied in answering a list of fifty questions prepared by the leaders and given out beforehand to the members of the traveling party. These questions were introductory, such as would settle matters necessary for a party really starting on the journey : the best season to visit the country, the expense, the route, the necessary outfit, the time it would require, letters of credit and bills of exchange studied, much help in the latter being rendered us by the cashier of one of our banks who lent us papers and books containing the needed information. A committee of boys was appointed to look up a line of steamers and the particular one of that line best adapted to our purpose, and its special advantages were set forth by the Chairman at one of these early meetings. Flags of tissue paper were made ; Nor-

wegian and Swedish. For succeeding meetings, Bayard Taylor's "Northern Travel," Paul Du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun," Cabon's "Summer in Norway," and Ross Browne's "Flying Trip through Norway" in Harper's Magazine, Vol. 25, with clippings from newspapers were all brought into requisition to speed the way of this jolly party.

In addition to this travel, occupying one hour of each evening, the club issued a manuscript copy of a monthly paper, containing forty pages of foolscap, mostly original matter, prose and rhyme. The editors were four, two girls and two boys, changed for every issue. "T. T. T. Gleanings" was its name, and conspicuous on its first page were the four mottoes in fancy letters.

The amateur pen and ink artists of the club illustrated some of the articles, friends of the club kindly contributed others. Thus the hour once a month given to the reading of the "Gleanings" was made both profitable and enjoyable. The copies of this our first and unique periodical are carefully treasured among the archives of the club. Music, both vocal and instrumental, has cheered us every evening, as we have among our number many who sing and play.

We have puzzled over conundrums, played games, looked at fine pictures lent us by friends who take an interest in our improvement and pleasure.

The members of the club with their leaders have met Sunday afternoons, half

an hour before evening service, for a Bible-reading and prayer-meeting, alternately, in which the freedom manifested in taking part in these exercises betokens a healthy growth in Christian life.

But, aside from all this, we have not forgotten that we are not to live to ourselves alone.

Sick rooms have been made bright by the presence of youthful faces; cheerful voices have sung sweet words in homes of poverty and pain; fruit and flowers have gladdened many homes, and many stitches have been taken to make ready clothing for the destitute.

A gift has been sent to Straight University, New Orleans, where one of our earlier members is teaching.

A little coal has been provided, to supply steam for the Morning Star. One hundred dollars has been raised for our publishing enterprise, and since disaster befell our church building, in February, we have raised twenty-five dollars toward its restoration.

The 29th of December, 1885, our 10 x 1 = 10 club held its first reunion. As all who had ever been members are always considered such, and not one had died since our organization six years ago, we had on our roll one hundred and thirty-one names. We sent a printed card of invitation to each one, and it was a great joy to the leaders and to each other to welcome back ninety of this number. They assembled in the chapel with many of their friends. After instrumental music by one of their number, our pastor offered prayer. Then the report of the six years' life of the club, which follows, was read by one of its first members; the club sang one of their songs and then listened to a very inspiring address on "Motive Power" by Rev. Michael Burnham, Pastor of the First Church, Springfield. The club sang again and then adjourned to the home of their leaders, where a poem by one of its first members was read, and an hour of delightful intercourse was spent renewing

and strengthening old friendships and forming new ones.

With cake and ice-cream the time passed all too quickly, and every one reckoned this a "white day" in the calendar of their club life.

#### REPORT.

The 10 x 1 = 10 club has just passed its sixth birthday.

November 24, 1879, it began its life, when forty girls and boys of this church joined hands for mutual improvement and benevolent work.

Taking for ours the fourfold motto of Harry Wadsworth,

"Look up and not down :—  
Look forward and not back :—  
Look out and not in,  
And Lend a hand,"

setting before us the fourfold object, 1st. To help others. 2d. To help each other. 3d. To improve ourselves. 4th. To raise money for benevolent purposes, we promised to aim always to use our influence for the right.

As the older ones leave town for school or business, or, remaining here, are prevented from being active members by other duties, the number is kept full by the addition of younger ones who come in when thirteen years old.

All who have ever been members are still considered as such, and many have shown their allegiance by a generous contribution to the funds of the club.

The roll now numbers one hundred and thirty-one names. Twelve have been or still are in college. Twenty-two of the boys are in business. Three of the girls have married. Not one has died. And the present number of active members is fifty-one.

In the six years' life of this club there have been held nearly ninety meetings. The earlier ones were industrial in their character, the girls coming together weekly for work, and the boys joining them for social and literary exercises once a month. But for the past four years, fort-

nightly literary and social meetings have been held during the fall and winter months, with occasional Bible-readings and prayer-meetings.

During the first winter, when miscellaneous readings and music occupied most of the time, several evenings were devoted to the study of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and a public entertainment was given, the club representing in recitation, reading and song, seven scenes in that beautiful poem.

Since then, a variety of subjects have filled the literary hour, and with music, conundrums, games, and social chat, the time has passed pleasantly and profitably by.

One evening we learned the early history of the Postal Service, after which each member of the club received a letter, instructive, humorous, prophetic or friendly. These were read aloud by the receiver, with much profit and pleasure to all.

Beautiful Snow and the Pouring Rain, their nature, causes and effects were made our subjects for study one evening.

On another, we counted the number, variety and value of the Light-houses on our American and English coasts, ascending some of them, examining their construction, learning the laws by which they are regulated, and reading stories of thrilling interest in the life of their keepers.

Two evenings, we listened with great pleasure to the talk of a young man who had spent three years on shipboard.

We spent one evening pleasantly, here in the chapel, with our friends, in the mixed company of Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, Evangeline, John Alden and Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, the Lady of the Lake, Martin Luther, John Hancock, and twenty other characters, represented by the members of the club.

We have spent several evenings in Scotland, tarried at Abbotsford long enough to become well acquainted with Walter Scott, and to learn to love his entertaining, instructive stories. We have sung together health to fair Scotland and the beauty

of its bluebells, the valor of its hardy soldiers and the bravery of its bonny maidens, and one evening we were privileged to see Ivanhoe, Rebecca and Rowena appear in their true characters.

We looked at fair Melrose by moonlight, sailed on the beautiful lakes, and listened to the long echo of the bugle notes from the mountain top, and in studying the character of the Scottish people saw new meaning in their curious emblem, with its appropriate "Nemo me impune lacessit."

One winter, we made the beautiful city of Venice, the Bride of the Sea, our tarrying place, studying the history of its wonderful birth. We went up the famous staircase into the once magnificent Ducal Palace, looked in the faces of the Doges and learned their sad fate.

We shuddered as we crossed the Bridge of Sighs, strolled on the Square of St. Mark's in the moonlight, and at noon watched the feeding of the doves; we examined the wonderful carving on the tall Campanile, and saw and admired the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto.

In wood pictures we saw the Statue of St. Christopher, dreamed of Italian skies and scenery with Dickens, and glided over the water in black gondolas to the weird song of the gondolier.

Seven evenings were spent in a visit to Florence, the City of Flowers. We became acquainted with its wonderful artists, and in each other's pleasant company wandered through the Pitti and Uffizzi palaces, trying to learn something of the beauty and merit of their pictures. We went to the famous public gardens; we visited the cell where Savonovola was confined for his faith; we listened to one of his powerful sermons, and with George Eliot's Romola had a personal interview with the great preacher himself.

We entered the family house of Michael Angelo, where many relics of the great artist are collected, and where we saw the earnest and mournful portrait of this great artist.



We lingered long before a house over the door of which we read this inscription: "Here lived one who wrought by whatever power God gave her by pen, by voice, by hand or eye, to win others to her Savior," and we gave a warm place in our hearts to the memory of Mrs. Browning.

But of all our pleasant journeyings, none gave us more pleasure than our imaginary trip to Holland.

The preparations for our journey, the packing of just enough baggage and no more, the arranging of our money matters, the jolly car ride to New York, the twelve hours of sight seeing in the city before we set sail, our miserable, sea-sick time on board the steamer, the landing in England, our flying trip through the old country, the safe arrival in Holland and our first impressions of its marvelous cleanliness, will not soon be forgotten.

We gave many hours to the study of this quaint, charming country, stolen long ago from the sea. We learned how its dikes were built, and marveled at their power to resist Holland's constant invader; the boys became familiar with the construction of windmills. We visited the cities of Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Haarlem, and in our wanderings did not forget to plant our feet for once on the spot in Delft Haven, from whence our pilgrim fathers set sail for New England's stern and rock-bound coast.

We laughed together over the funny little town of Broeck, the cleanest town in the world, and those who had read Motley's Dutch Republic grew eloquent when the name of William, Prince of Orange, was mentioned.

John of Barneveld, Rembrandt, Hugo Grotius, and other famous names, became familiar.

The payment of a small fee on becoming a member, a voluntary offering at each meeting, gifts from honorary members and interested friends, and the proceeds of occasional public evenings and parlor sales have brought to our treasury the

sum of \$750.00, by which we have been able to extend a helping hand to schools in the borders of our own country, to lay some stones in the foundation of a Mt. Holyoke Seminary in Spain, to send messages of Bible truth to the distant islands of Micronesia, and to assist in furnishing the steam-power that speeds on its way the gospel-freighted Morning Star.

In all this we have not forgotten that our fourfold motto, when translated into our daily lives, should make us better sons and daughters, more helpful brothers and sisters, more faithful pupils in school, and kinder friends.

In our aim to accomplish this, it is the pleasantest part of this record that eighty-two of our number have responded to the Savior's call, "Give me thine heart," and have entered upon loyal service to Him who first exemplified the true significance of our mottoes.

And now, thanking our pastor and many friends for hearty coöperation and kindly words in the past, we step over the threshold of our seventh year, looking up for guidance as we look out toward a hopeful future.

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To be an inspiration and an aid  
To those who coming after shall have learned  
By our example what our lives have taught,  
The blessedness of service to the world,—  
A purpose grand is this, a wish sublime.  
—*Extract from the Poem read on this occasion.*

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THE Look-ups have met every Saturday afternoon since September for instruction in sewing and to do the little they could to "lend a hand" to the little people out in the world, who are less fortunate in their opportunities than they. As a result of their labor, they packed two barrels of clothing and household supplies for a circuit on the frontier of Nebraska. Among the contents were two bed-quilts of the children's work, picture books and scrap books made by their small fingers, for they are all under thirteen years of age. In December, they sent another quilt, with the Cross of the Legion in the center, to a

colored school in Georgia. By their contributions, the support of a little girl in India has been provided. By October they expect to have saved besides twenty dollars for Miss Cushman's school in China. On Christmas day these little girls carried a dinner to a small family in the town,

who would have gone without had not the thoughtfulness of the Look-ups "looked out" for them. Between the days they have carried flowers and hung May baskets for the sick and lonely, and in all these ways try to bring the worth of the mottoes into their own and other people's lives.

### THE GOOD-WILL CLUB.

BY J. C. H.

IN going about the streets, the attention of a thoughtful observer is drawn to the many small boys, each armed with a blacking-box, or bundle of newspapers, who gather about the corners, or stroll up and down in search of a customer.

Their young faces tell many a sad tale of troubles crowded into a short space of years, and lives into which little sunshine has penetrated.

The means afforded them to earn a livelihood are few, and often they have not only to help themselves, but younger brothers and sisters, and, perhaps, disabled or worthless parents.

Nature, through a sturdy appetite, insists upon making her wants known, and little growing knees and toes *will* find their way through the thickest cloth and the heaviest leather, so, sometimes, their only refuge is street life with its demoralizing tendencies, and, to earn a little money, the boy turns to it; while, had a friendly hand been opened to him at the right moment, he might have been helped to a position of safety now, a noble manhood by-and-by.

On a plane above the street boys are those for whom industrious parents provide a home of comparative comfort, and by strict economy furnish them with the necessities of life.

But here there is little time to devote to home amusements, nor is there money

to buy books, or even judgment to select them properly.

On the other hand, the brightly-lighted streets show many a door which the profit of half a dozen newspapers will open to the boy seeking entertainment, within which he is surrounded by sights and sounds dangerously attractive at a time of life when impressions are most easily and lastingly formed.

The need of a safe place of entertainment for boys in Hartford, and, perhaps, still more their need of wise and helpful friends, came home to the heart of a kind and philanthropic lady, and resulted, five years ago, in the beginning of the Good-Will Club, which for the past five winters has carried on a most satisfactory work, and has long shown evidence of the good that has come to all who have enjoyed its weekly meetings.

In April, 1880, nine boys were allowed to gather in a room in one of our public buildings, they undertaking, in return, the care of it.

The club was established on a business basis, with a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, chosen by the boys from among their number. A librarian was also chosen, to give out the books and to keep careful account of them.

The library, which was of very modest dimensions at first, has now increased to two hundred and forty-five volumes, most

of them contributed by generous friends of the club. It includes Prescott's Histories, The Boy's King Arthur, Footprints of Famous Men, The Boy Travellers, and others which are real sources of inspiration, while such books as the Compton Boys, Tip-cat, etc., are an unending source of pleasure.

A small, ragged boy, applying one evening for a new book, was asked if he had read and enjoyed the big book he was returning. "My! Yes!!" he answered emphatically, handing in a copy of "Herodotus for Children."

We feel that it is particularly desirable that books of this nature should be put into the hands of this class of boys at the time when their influence, for good or bad, may be stamped into their characters.

During the past year these books have been circulated among more than two hundred boys without the loss of a single volume; this splendid record is due to the efficiency of the young Librarian and his assistant, and to the care and respect the books have received in the many different homes.

In the autumn of 1882 a change was made in the place of meeting. The Young Men's Christian Association kindly gave the use of one of their larger rooms, lighted and heated, from seven to nine o'clock, one evening in the week.

The room has long tables for playing games, and a piano, for the pleasant evenings close with singing in which the boys join vigorously. It is difficult to deal gently and harmoniously with the many faiths represented in the club, but we feel there is nothing in the free use of gospel hymns which could reasonably arouse opposition from any church.

We have reason to hope that many a firm principle is implanted and many a real awakening brought about by the substantial evidence of those who have become Christians.

A refining influence spreads very soon among them. Simple but stringent rules

compel them to appear with clean hands and faces, to remove their caps on entering the building, and to behave like gentlemen at all times.

We find that kind, persuasive words will generally quell the most obstinate little spirit.

An especial incentive towards this improvement, moral and physical, has been the wearing of a badge, a little pin, of a star and crescent, which each boy may receive for twenty-five cents, after having signed the following pledge:

"I solemnly promise to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors, except as a medicine, from the use of tobacco in any form, from all profanity and vulgarity, and also promise to honor and obey my parents."

The boys who possess this pin are badge boys, or active members. The price of this much-coveted badge is such, that the most limited purse, by a little economy and self-denial, can pay for it.

On one occasion, lately, when a stern parent refused to contribute more than ten cents towards the badge of one of the boys, a generous and thoughtful friend at once went about among the boys collecting one cent subscriptions, until the necessary fifteen cents was duly added to the parental ten, in a few moments' time, when the little jacket was glorified by the star and crescent, and fifteen other hearts rejoiced in the satisfaction and happiness that had come by helping others.

There is also a clear, simple constitution the members are expected to hold to and respect, every Section of which all are expected to abide by and maintain.

It has been customary from the beginning to have some entertainments at Christmas, and at the closing of each year, towards the end of May, nearly in June, when the days are long and the evenings warm.

The first Christmas festivity is still remembered. The little tree was the donation of a generous butcher, secretly guarded

for days beneath the kindly shelter of a neighboring cellar-way, till the time appointed for the impatiently-anticipated feast, when all remembered each other. Each one was made happy with some little treasure.

The last Christmas was a tremendously joyous one, in which over a hundred boys participated, in a large room in a carriage-house not far from the Y. M. C. A., well adapted in point of size and seclusion to give any amount of freedom its unlimited expression of enthusiasm and enjoyment.

The boys, for months previous, had held secret and whispered consultations over something of a most private and important nature. At the end of the evening, the presentation was solemnly made of a remembrance for each of the four ladies managing the club, all of whom were gratified by this substantial evidence of the generous and thoughtful spirit that had prompted

the long-guarded and cherished scheme.

The young secretary, in his report for the past year, mentioned this memorable occasion as "mostest the pleasantest we have ever spent."

Another year we are looking for larger results, in better and more roomy accommodations. This will of course increase the running expenditures, but it will give the opportunity so generally and earnestly desired by the boys of meeting two evenings in the week, instead of one, and for enjoying the magazines and papers provided for them, as well as the games, books and singing.

The seed which is scattered in so many directions, upon which the sunshine of friendly smiles and words can exert such an all-powerful influence, with, perhaps, a shower occasionally of timely admonition, cannot but blossom into the fruit of a noble, useful manhood.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF OUR TEN.

BY E. G. V.

THE other day, in calling upon a very lovely lady, whose life of over seventy years has experienced much sorrow, the thought came to me that she might be interested in hearing of the Tens and the Daughters of the King.

The full beauty and meaning of its spiritual significance came to her at once, for she is a most heartfelt Christian. That very day she joined my Ten, and her especial way of helping us is to be by remembering us in her prayers. Surely a good gift, from one who is such a true Daughter of the King. It is a privilege to be able to include her among our number, and I hope that an added brightness will come to her life through her responsive acceptance of this new interest.

Another member of my Ten, grasping

the practical as well as the spiritual side, asked me if it were too trivial to count as lending a hand the holding open of a shop door for some one just behind, instead of letting it fly back in that some one's face. She was very enthusiastic over the "Ten Times One is Ten" idea, particularly because it *does* include trifles, although she, herself, is constantly engaged in the larger things of life, and active charitable work. You will see why that question, coming from her, was significant. Through her own energy, she is helping to build a church where it is much needed, and in many ways her influence for good is wide and beautiful, while her spiritual life is true to the royal prerogative of a Daughter of the King.

One of our Ten, whose home is hun-

dreds of miles distant from New York City, is leading a noble life of ministry to others, in such humility of spirit, she does not seem to realize that she is a lesson to all about her. "Deeds of week-day holiness fall from her noiseless as the snow," so steadfastly, so gently, so continuously they are weaving a robe of purity and peacefulness like that which clothes the hills and fields in winter;—truly, for her, a robe of righteousness.

Among the most interested of the friends to whom I have spoken on this subject, is one who might be considered, by superficial observers, a worldly man, for his daily happenings are amid a whirl of professional and social duties. With it all, however, he yet finds time to aid the old and young, the poor and unfortunate, in ways manifold. Especially does he sympathize with the sick and sorrowful, reading with rare insight, the hearts of those who suffer, and upon this comprehension setting the seal of tangible results of helpfulness. Though he seldom *talks* of religion, he embodies it in action.

Another of our number has a broad field of usefulness, surrounded as she is by many other young girls in a seminary, one of the best educational institutions in this country, and where the religious atmosphere forms a large part of the school life. Her unselfish thought of others, and constant watchfulness, make a brightness for many near her. "Looking up" for guidance, her days are filled with "loyal service to the King."

One of our Ten, from across the sea, is the thorough type of a Christian gentle-

man, always "lending a hand" in a cheerful adaptiveness to people and things, which makes itself felt even in a passing word or smile; here, there and everywhere, earnestly assisting some fellow-creature, or devising a unique pleasure to bring sunshine where a cloud has rested.

Still another, is a man interested in scientific research, and now occupied in philanthropic work. He suggested, as an excellent way to lend a hand, the punctual keeping of engagements.

As we are a scattered Ten, regular times of meeting and systematic work are impossible. Hence, we have adopted a definite *indefiniteness*, so to speak: the looking for any opportunity of "lending a hand," and being faithful in the "little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise." After all, the trivial things that seem as nothing are often helpful messengers, and done "in His Name" cannot but be blessed. Each one of our Ten, looking out from his or her particular cluster of circumstances, at home, in business or society, finds at least some one way of doing good which is not possible to the others, and it is just here that the work of our Ten lies,—the looking for and helping, whether by word, deed or sympathy, individual needs, which otherwise would be unnoticed or unreachd, thus developing a spiritual clear-sightedness, as it were, so that when the call for larger duties comes they may be more ready to respond, because the smaller ones have not passed unheeded.

"Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

#### REPORT FROM OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

FOUR years ago last January, I became very much interested in the accounts of the "Look-up Legion" in the "*Chatauquan*." It occurred to me that I might

organize a band of the Legion among the pupils of the school with which I am connected as a teacher. I interested some of the older pupils in it, and we soon organ-

ized a "Look-up Legion" in East Oakland. We met every Friday after school in my class room.

We usually talked for a while about the object of our club; then I would read to them something appropriate, usually from one of your books, and we would occasionally vary our exercises with recitations and music.

During the existence of the club one hundred and sixteen children, ranging in

years from ten to fifteen, signed the pledge, but at no time were there as many as that in our membership.

Nearly all of them had badges and pledge cards, and I know that very many of them tried earnestly to live up to the spirit of our motto.

The summer vacation interrupted our meetings, but they were resumed at the opening of school.

THE Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Harry Wadsworth Association has received a letter from Turkey showing that the knowledge and influence of 10 x 10 = 10 has spread even to that remote region. Let us give what help we can to aid the new club and tell them what we are doing. We quote from the letter:

"There is a great need of something to unite, elevate and Christianize the boys here, and as I read of such societies in America I wonder if the Lord would not use such for His glory and the salvation of boys here. The liquor shops are numbered by thousands. The question is, How can we save the boys from their influence? May I trouble you to send me the constitution, and all the information about forming and running one. If you can give me the information you will confer a great favor on me, and I hope an impetus to the cause of Christ here."

For the benefit of those clubs which may not have seen the first number of LEND A HAND, we venture to repeat the order of business at the regular meetings of the Chapel Club, Brightwood, which seems to us excellent:

1. Roll-call.
2. Opening song.
3. Prayer.
4. Reading records of last meeting.
5. Nomination by club committee, and election of members.

6. Special work.
7. Miscellaneous business.
8. Literary and social exercises.
9. Adjournment.

To quote from another club, the object is "To help others. To help each other. To improve ourselves and raise money for charitable purposes."

WHAT CLUBS HAVE DONE AND MAY DO.

1. Open a library and reading-room and provide by volunteers the regular evening attendants.
2. The duty of one club was helping home drunken men whom they found in the streets.
3. A club may provide regular evening entertainment for the village or town.
4. A club may study the news of the week.
5. A club may undertake the personal care of the sick poor.
6. A club may open a cooking-school.
7. A club may sustain, in whole or in part, a missionary school.
8. A club may make an album for a hospital or provide a child with his school-books, or mail books to children in some destitute region.
9. A club may give an annual party to the forlorn people near it, as on Thanksgiving or Christmas day.
10. A club may visit the manufactories of its neighborhood, and learn the processes and principles there carried out.



EXTRACT FROM THE LETTER OF A LITTLE GIRL IN BROOKLYN.

I TOLD you, I think, when you were here, that I was thinking of forming a club in a hospital over in New York, where my uncle has been. I sent a book over ( $10 \times 1 = 10$ ) to my uncle to read, and to give to some one else to read; and in reply he sent me a note saying that he had left it in the ward where he had been, and that the nurses there were to give it to the patients as they came to the hospital; and that as soon as each one had read the story, if they wanted to join the club they were to write their names on the cover; and as soon as ten had written their names the book was to be sent to me. There are already three members in the club, my uncle, a bar-tender, who had been injured and was at the hospital, and myself.

It seems so new and interesting to be doing this kind of work for others. I think it helps me as much as it does the ones whom I want to give the story of  $10 \times 1 = 10$  to.

As my original club stands, I have two

members in Westhampton, L. I.; two in Brooklyn, (not counting myself); one in Glasgow, Scotland; one in British Columbia; one in Perth, Ontario; one in St. Petersburg, Russia; one in Alexandria, Minn. My hope is that each one of the members may form another club of ten. I hope also that all will take great interest in this work.

The first *real* work that I want to have done in our club is this: I want to have each member on Christmas day "lend a hand" to some one whom they would not ordinarily help. I think that all will accept the idea favorably, so I am going to send off a letter this week to each member.

Besides my work, Mamma has also formed two clubs; one of young girls and one of boys. The girls are occupied with mission work, and the first work of the boys is in the Newsboys' Home of Brooklyn.

THE boy is becoming a sort of national problem; the friskiest, funniest, happy-go-lucky problem that ever fell into grave and earnest hands.

Have you ever been crabbing? Well, I have; and once in a while it would fall to my lot to scoop in the crab with a net at the end of a long pole. I have the utmost respect for the crab *as* a crab,—it has such an uncomfortable way of reaching over its shoulders with its claws and squirming at every joint; and so after I caught it, I never knew what to do with it, but would stand holding it out in a helpless way that finally brought some one to my aid. It was just so with my boys at first. I had the boys—there they were—but what could I best do with them?

I never knew just what their next performance would be, or what monkey-trick they would attempt. For a long time I held them off and studied them with a species of awe; *what* was their most vulnerable point?

At last I found the heel of my Achilles. Out of them, as a class of mission boys, I formed a club to meet on stated evenings, gave it a name, drew up a regular constitution and by-laws, the members to elect their own president, vice-president and secretary. I was appointed director and treasurer. We are to have badges. Our motto is "Dare to do Right," and our watchword is "Lend a Hand."

W. J.

# Intelligence.

## CARE OF CHILDREN.

A MEETING was held at the Technological Hall, Boston, on the 28th of April, at the call of the General Conference of Charities to consider the report of the Children's Committee. This Committee presented the following report:

BOSTON, MASS., April 28, 1886.

The Children's Committee, appointed to consider the subject of Homes for Children, Personal Work among them, and Legislation in their behalf, respectfully report as follows:—

In regard to Homes for Children, four main questions arise:—

I. Concerning the taking of children from their own homes.

II. Concerning the disposition to be made of them when taken.

III. Concerning the supervision of children when placed.

IV. Concerning coöperation between persons or societies engaged in this work.

Upon these subjects, the Committee submit the following recommendations:—

### I.

Concerning the taking of children from their own homes:—

They recommend that, in view of the danger of too easily relieving parents and relatives of their natural responsibilities, our first effort should be to keep a family together, when such a course is consistent with a proper regard for the best interests of the children.

When separation is advisable, they recommend that it be as short as the best interests of the children or the necessities

of the case will permit, and that no child be legally adopted when there is a possibility that its parents or parent may by some change of circumstances become able properly to provide for it.

### II.

Concerning the disposition to be made of children when taken:—

The Committee believe that life in a family is more likely than residence in an institution to secure to a child a happy childhood, a proper training in the duties of life, and a subsequent career of honest self-support.

They would define the province of institutions to be: 1. To afford temporary shelter in emergencies, or until suitable private homes can be found; 2. To provide for the preliminary training or reformation of children whose ignorance of the common decencies of life, wayward disposition, or immoral habits unfit them to be placed at once in families; 3. To serve as asylums or hospitals for such children as cannot be placed in families because of mental deficiency or physical defect.

Whenever life in a family is desirable for a child, but cannot be secured gratuitously, they recommend the payment of board; that parents, relatives, or guardians be expected to pay as large a proportion as possible; and that the price of board be kept so low that the difficulties of placing children free of expense be not increased.

They recommend that before a child is placed in a family, either temporarily or

permanently, the fullest investigation into the circumstances and character of the family shall be made, the number, age, and sex of its members shall be known, their standing in the community ascertained, and their probable influence on the child duly considered.

### III.

Concerning the supervision of children when placed:—

The Committee believe that there should be such supervision as will ensure at all times thorough knowledge of the family, prompt information of any change in its condition, and an intimate acquaintance with the progress of the child physically, mentally, and morally. They believe that every child needs a friend outside of the family, who should be a source of kindly advice and encouragement, an arbiter in case of misunderstandings or disagreements, a trusted confidant, and an ever ready and accessible court of appeal in case of ill-treatment.

They believe that letters without visits are insufficient, and recommend that proper persons be found in the neighborhood of the children to assist in the supervision.

### IV.

Concerning coöperation between persons or societies engaged in this work:—

In view of the fact that in a single society seventy-two apparently good applications for children were received last year, of which only twelve could be filled; and that, in the same society, fifty-two girls applied for admission, of whom only sixteen could be admitted,—the Committee suggest that such surplus applications be sent to a Children's Committee, to be appointed for the purpose, whose duty it shall be to keep them on file for the use of persons or societies engaged in this work.

In regard to personal work among the poor and morally-exposed children living in the city, it is evident that comparative-

ly few can be removed to humane institutions or placed in good families. The vast majority, if they are to be rescued from the natural results of parental neglect and evil associations, must be rescued in spite of continued residence in vicious localities and degraded homes. Among children who remain in their own homes, therefore, must the preventive work be done, that shall in any large measure deplete the ranks of pauperism, intemperance, and vice.

For this work long-range methods and influences will not suffice. Parental ignorance and negligence are sure to leave unutilized the educational, moral, and religious opportunities that the community offers to these children. No one is at hand to bring careful thought and sound judgment to bear upon the problems of their lives. A friend, therefore, wise, loving, watchful, ingenious, untiring, is the prime necessity of every child whose lot is cast amid poverty and vice.

To a limited extent work of this kind is already being done,—by the agents of some of our charitable societies, visitors appointed by various churches, city missionaries, and volunteers. In the work of the Volunteer Visitors of the Associated Charities, the children of the poor are a chief object of regard. One of the societies whose work is exclusively for children, has recently inaugurated a system of volunteer visitors, whose especial field of effort will be among the wayward and morally-exposed children, and the juvenile offenders who have been put upon probation by the courts.

The Committee are of the opinion that here is a healthful and promising line of growth for the philanthropy of the city. They recommend that those societies whose situation and conditions render the plan feasible, secure the assistance of volunteer visitors for the prosecution of personal work among children. They recommend, also, that such auxiliary visitors of the various societies register themselves,

and the children who are the objects of their care, at the Central Office of the Associated Charities, in order that each personal worker, so far as may be necessary, may know who else is in the field, and the benefits of coöperation be secured.

At this meeting, Miss Putnam presented the following Report:

#### GIRLS' TRAINING SCHOOLS.

I AM one of the managers in a Training School; the Industrial School for Girls in Dorchester. Our practical experience there, has led us to believe fully in the first three points of this Report, and we have for years been conforming our rules to the general principles there laid down. I only wish to give, therefore, a few illustrations of their value.

I ought to say first, that the Industrial School aims to train a girl for service in the country, where, as the only helper in a family, she is usually treated as a member of it. Taking girls at about ten or twelve years of age, we rarely keep one more than three years, and if fitted for service, as is often the case, before the term is over, we put her in a place, still subject, however, to the careful guardianship of our managers. Whether the girl remains in service many years depends, of course, on her capacity for more responsible work. And thus, in time, some have become teachers, a few nurses, and some have found places in shops.

We believe that, as a general rule, family life is better for a girl's development than that of an Institution, consequently, we do not take any girl from her own family, unless we feel sure that she cannot be wisely kept in it or well cared for outside of it, under the guardianship of her friends. For instance, among our applicants this year, we thought there were eighteen who *could* be thus well provided for, and the relations did actually so provide for thirteen, before we dropped them from our list. We often find that where there *are respectable* relations, a little advice or suggestion will effect this.

When we admit a girl, we try to induce the parents or guardians to pay a small sum for board, in order to foster their sense of responsibility.

We feel strongly the danger of breaking family ties and the wisdom of giving temporary help when possible. Some years ago, we took a girl without payment of board, whose mother, a woman of decent education and bringing up, had become a drunkard. We felt it our duty not to let the woman have anything to do with the child. A younger sister, at about the same time, was, through well-meant advice, adopted by a good country family. Both girls are now grown up and well off, and, in the meantime, the mother has reformed; has become a respectable woman, and earns in summer, twenty-five dollars a week as head cook at a hotel. She often comes to me to ask for information about one daughter, and takes an occasional trip into the country to see the other from a *distance*. The older girl has naturally but little interest in her mother, the other does not even know who she is. The woman longs to see her children and to have them love her, and feels very bitterly about the loss of them. If this case should come before us *now*, we should try to keep up the woman's interest in her children and possibly induce her to pay their board; holding out the prospect of a happy home with them in the future as an incentive to reform.

The payment of board is an advantage on both sides, we think. This year we received in this way \$702.00.

Twenty-four children were boarders. The parents or guardians paid for them from 50 cts. to \$1.50 per week, their own wages ranging from \$3.50 to \$10.50 per week.

In 1872, we kept girls for seven or eight years, feeling that we could thus only, secure thorough training for the unruly ones. We guarded them with strict rules and had school for them in the house. They seemed sure to do great credit to themselves

and to us when placed out, but we apparently had not fitted them to meet the temptations of every-day life; some of them gave us great anxiety. We saw the difficulties of Institution life, and we *now* send our children to Public Schools, and keep them for short terms, trying them in families as soon as possible, and taking them back when necessary.

We do realize, however, the definite advantage, even of Institution life, in such a school as ours, for a certain class of rough and unruly girls, since we can often fit them at the end of one year into places which would otherwise have been impossible for them to fill.

We feel the need of more knowledge of the work of other societies and of coöperation with them. For instance, we receive many applications to admit girls difficult to manage, whose parent or parents are earning good wages and willing and able to pay for the protection and careful watching they greatly need, but which cannot be given at home. They do not wish their girls to go out to service. So we cannot admit them.

Here seems to be an opening, therefore, for the right kind of women to take them as boarders, if such could only be found. I hope that in the future, wise coöperation will enable us to fit all children needing homes, temporary or permanent, into the families needing children.

The General Conference of Charities on May 18th continued the consideration of the report of the Children's Committee. Mr. Charles W. Birtwell urged the importance and the hopefulness of "personal work for poor and morally-exposed children," which was the special subject of the evening. Institutions save a child here and there; personal work might reach them all. The work cannot be done by proxy. Paid agents must have the help of many volunteers, each to stand as a friend beside some exposed child. The probation officers, for example, need the help of volunteers to follow the children that the

Court has placed on probation back to the surroundings that have made them criminals, and prevent their drifting along into we know not what. If we make the wayward child stay with his family, it is our duty to stand by the child while he is there. All work should center about the home; any work for children which does not cross its threshold is futile.

Emphasizing the last point, several speakers urged that the fathers and mothers should be invited and encouraged to attend the reading-rooms and clubs established for their children. If it were the custom here for girls to go with chaperones, skating rinks would lose most of their dangers. The presence of parents would make reading-rooms, etc., for *girls* practicable, since they would not then have to stray home through the streets at night alone. An advantage of work in the homes is the possibility of associating boys and girls together; elsewhere, boys object to this association, because laughed at by other boys.

The work of the visitors of the Associated Charities and of those just beginning work with the Children's Aid Society was dwelt upon, and many suggestions made as to amusement, reading, and neighborhood libraries.

Mr. James W. Dunphy urged that the use of the Common be given freely as of old for the out-door games of children.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale praised the humanitarian work of public school teachers, and advocated the multiplication of churches for children, like Warren Street Chapel. He suggested an industrial school just out of the city, where boys could spend five or six hours each day, returning to their homes at night. The boys would become inoculated with country life, the vague fear which now prevents many foreign-born boys from taking places on farms would disappear, and by the second year they would ask to be sent out to work for the summer.

As at the previous conferences, the

discussion was free and practical, and many joined in it. A standing Committee on Children was appointed, with Dr. Charles P. Putnam as chairman, and this committee hopes to carry out many of the suggestions presented at these meetings.

A LADY in Illinois, very much interested in prison work, sends us a letter from a young man of twenty-three. At the age of fifteen he committed murder, and is serving a sentence for life. He writes very freely of his crime to this lady, who has proved such a friend. He laments his crime and says:

"When i came to prison i had as bad a temper as anyone ever possessed.. It was my temper that led me to commit a crime against which my own nature revolts and condemns and sometimes when i think of the great crime which i have committed i think then that if the sacrifice of my own life would only bring back the dear life that I have destroyed, it would be given freely. i cannot say that my sentence is unjust, for i believe that i deserve all if not more punishment than i have recieved. i am suffering justley and my sentence is a just one and i know that i am the author of all the sorrow and suffering of my life and now here in prison I am trying to build up a character that will redeem the past and if the sorrows and sufferings of life and a life of imprisonment will help me to do this, then I am willing that it should be so. these are the reasons why i am resigned to my fate. now do you not think I am right?"

In the death of Mrs. Erminia Smith, a member of the N. Y. Historical Society, of the N. Y. Academy of Science, and of the London Scientific Society, the friends of the Indian have lost a valuable co-worker. In 1880 the managers of the Smithsonian Institute obtained her services to investigate the history, customs, and lore of the Iroquois Indians. Mrs. Smith joined the tribe, and received the name of Ka-tei-tee-sta-Keost, the English of which

is "beautiful flower." She has continued her Indian studies since, and at the time of her death was preparing a dictionary of the Iroquois tongue. She wrote many papers on Indian subjects, which revealed careful and conscientious study of the problems touching the welfare of the race.

THE *Indian Helper*, published at Carlisle, Pa., is edited by a Pawnee boy, one of Capt. Pratt's pupils. That he has the qualifications for success in his profession is evident from his skillful grouping of two similar historical facts. This is his item: "One hundred years ago, one hundred miles northeast of Carlisle, the Indians in one day killed many white people. It was called the Wyoming Massacre. Everybody called the Indians 'savage brutes.' Last week in Wyoming Territory, a party of white men killed many Chinese workmen. Now, boys and girls, it is time for you to call those white people 'savage brutes.' Not all Indians are savage. Not all white people are civilized."

STUDENTS INTERESTED IN THE RED RACE.—At the thirty-second annual commencement of Columbia College, held recently in the Academy of Music, N. Y. City, the Chanler historical prize, consisting of a year's interest on \$1,000, was awarded to John Vernou Bouvier, jr., for an essay on the history of the conflict between the United States and the State of Georgia in regard to the lands of the Creeks and Cherokees.

WEEKLY PAYMENTS.—Under the new law of Massachusetts, passed this year, every manufacturing, mining or quarrying, mercantile, railroad, street-railway, telegraph, telephone and municipal corporation, and every incorporated express company and water company must pay weekly each employé the wages earned to within six days of the date of payment. For violation of this law the fine is \$10.00 to \$50.00.